The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIII NO. 7 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

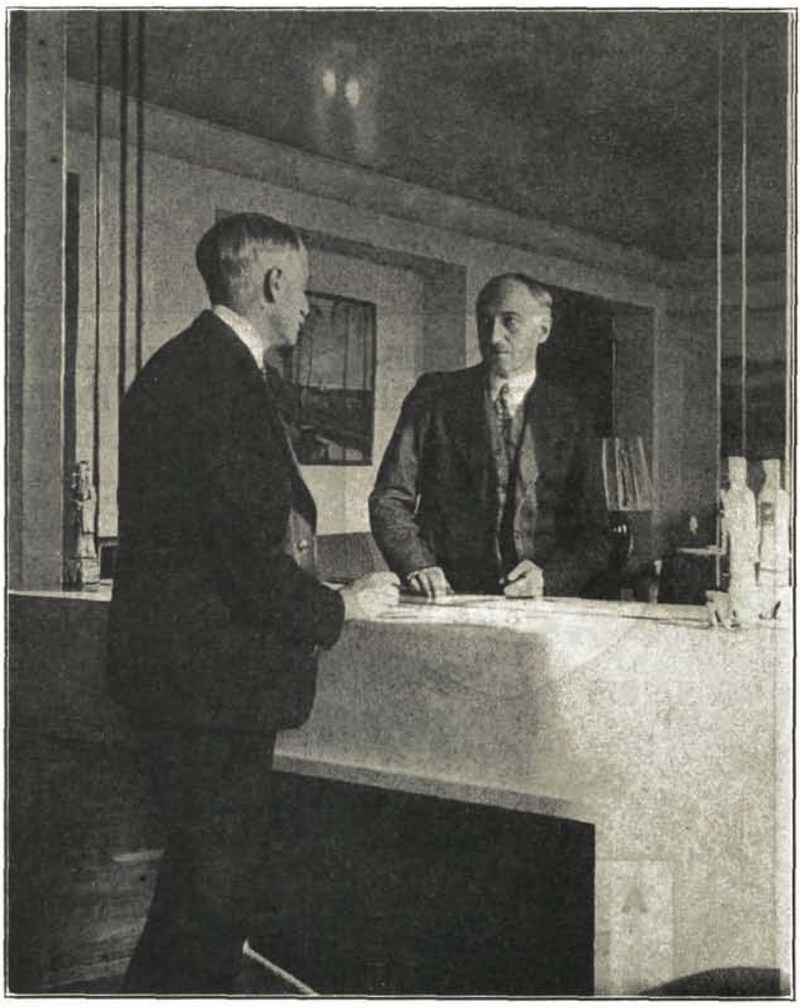
THOMAS WOLFE
The Story of a Novel

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "Prophets and Poets" by André Maurois

HORACE M. KALLEN
Reviews "Liberalism and Social Action" by John Dewey

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT
Reviews "Louis Sullivan" by Hugh Morrison

WALTER DE LA MARE
The Empty Chariot



ANDRÉ MAUROIS

"We critics and reviewers are too prone to charge, like Rousseau, our own deficiencies against the authors we criticize, or weakly praise them because they flatter our own prejudices" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE

SAMUEL PEPYS

The Years of Peril

ARTHUR BRYANT

The second volume of this superb biography. *"More like a modern 'thriller' than a sober discourse."*—T.L.S. *"Exciting as a modern thriller."*—SUNDAY TIMES

$3.50

SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGERY and what it tells us

CAROLINE SPURGEON

"Bold and original in idea, scrupulous and exhaustive in method. . readable as a detective story."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

$4.50

ENGLISH MEDIEVAL SCULPTURE

ARTHUR GARDNER

A useful and beautiful handbook, with 500 illustrations. *"A fascinating story when illustrated with such fullness and discernment."* —T. L. S.

$5.00

WHAT HAPPENS IN *HAMLET*

J. DOVER WILSON

"One of the best of all books on the subject because it adds life to a masterpiece which was already unspeakably alive."—THE NATION.

$3.50

THE TYRANNY OF GREECE over GERMANY

E. M. BUTLER

Showing the influence of Greek art and poetry over the German temperament *"Humanly moving and intellectually stimulating"* —T. L. S.

$4.25

A BUTLER'S Recipe Book

(1719)

Recipes for food, drinks and medicines by an 18th century butler, with wood-cuts by Reynolds Stone. A charming companion to *The Art of Carving.*

$1.00

SCENERY

and the Sense of Sight

V. CORNISH

The author analyzes the aesthetic impressions of scenery on the eye, basing his studies on a life-time of observation. Illustrated

$3.00

FOUR TALES

from Hans Andersen

A new translation by R. P Keigwin, illustrated with delightful wood-cuts by Gwen Raverat A beautifully printed book, celebrating the Hans Andersen centenary

$1.25

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of a Novel

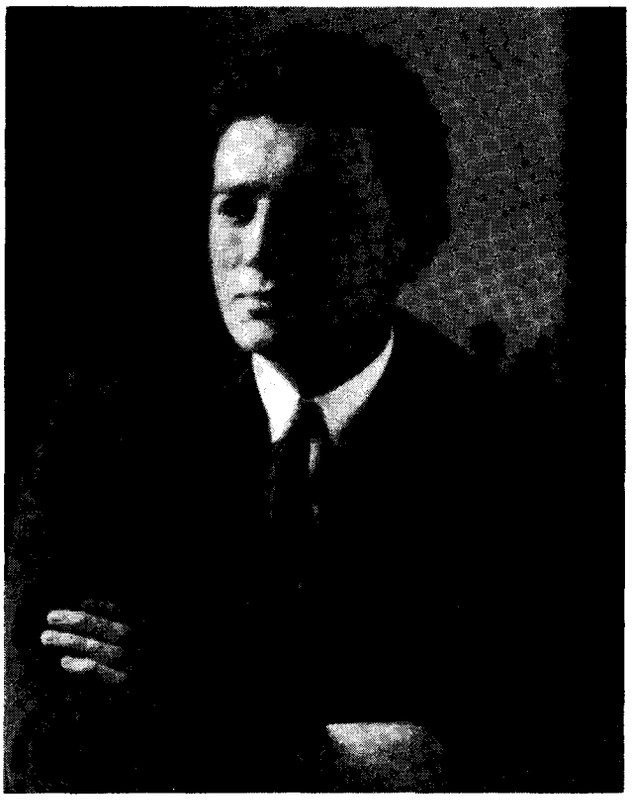
BY THOMAS WOLFE

. . . "It is a story of sweat and pain and despair and partial achievement. I don't know how to write a story yet. I don't know how to write a novel yet. But I have learned something about myself and about the work of writing, and if I can, I am going to try to tell what it is . . ."

A GREAT editor, who is also a good friend of mine, told me about six months ago that he was sorry he had not kept a diary about the work that both of us were doing, the whole stroke, catch, flow, stop, and ending, the ten thousand fittings, changings, triumphs, and surrenders that went into the making of a book. This editor remarked that some of it was fantastic, much incredible, all astonishing, and he was also kind enough to say that the whole experience was the most interesting he had known during the twenty-five years he had been a member of the publishing business.

I propose to tell about this experience. I cannot tell anyone how to write books; I cannot attempt to give anyone rules whereby he will be enabled to get his books published by publishers or his stories accepted by high paying magazines. I am not a professional writer; I am not even a skilled writer; I am just a writer who is on the way to learning his profession and to discovering the line, the structure, and the articulation of the language which I must discover if I do the work I want to do. It is for just this reason, because I blunder, because every energy of my life and talent is still involved in this process of discovery, that I am speaking as I speak here. I am going to tell the way in which I wrote a book. It will be intensely personal. It was the most intense part of my life for several years. There is nothing very literary about it. It is a story of sweat and pain and despair and partial achievement. I don't know how to write a story yet. I don't know how to write a novel yet. But I have learned something about myself and about the work of writing, and if I can, I am going to try to tell what it is.

I don't know when it occurred to me first that I would be a writer. I suppose that like a great many other children in this country of my generation, I may have thought that it would be a fine thing because a writer was a man like Lord Byron or Lord Tennyson or Longfellow or Percy Bysshe Shelley. A writer was a man who was far away like these people I have mentioned, and since I was myself an American and an American not of the wealthy or university going sort of people, it seemed to me that a writer was a man from a kind of remote people that I could never approach. I don't know how I became a writer, but I think it was because of a certain force in me that had to write and that finally burst through and found a channel. My people were of the working class of people. My father, a stonecutter, was a man with a great respect and veneration for literature. He had a tremendous memory, and he loved poetry, and the poetry that he loved best was naturally of the rhetorical kind that such a man would like. Nevertheless it was good poetry, Hamlet's Soliloquy, "Macbeth," Mark Antony's Funeral Oration, Grey's "Elegy," and all the rest of it. I heard it all as a child; I memorized and learned it all.



THOMAS WOLFE IN 1929
At the time when he finished "Look Homeward, Angel."

He sent me to college to the state university. The desire to write which had been strong during all my days in high school, grew stronger still. I was editor of the college paper, the college magazine, etc., and in my last year or two I was a member of a course in playwriting which had just been established there. I wrote several little one-act plays, still thinking I would become a lawyer or a newspaper man, never daring to believe I could seriously become a writer. Then I went to Harvard, wrote some more plays there, became obsessed with the idea that I had to be a playwright, left Harvard, had my plays rejected, and finally in the autumn of 1926, how, why, or in what manner I have never exactly been able to determine, I began to write my first book in London. I was living all alone at that time. I had two rooms—a bedroom and a sitting room—in a little square in Chelsea in which all the houses had that familiar, smoked brick and cream-yellow-plaster look of London houses. They looked exactly alike.

As I say, I was living alone at that time and in a foreign country. I did not know why I was there or what the direction of my life should be, and that was

Next Week

WORLDS WITHOUT END
By H. SPENCER JONES
Reviewed by C. C. Furnas

THE STORY OF A NOVEL: II
The second of three articles
By THOMAS WOLFE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the way I began to write my book. I think that is one of the hardest times a writer goes through. There is no standard, no outward judgment, by which he can measure what he has done. By day I would write for hours in big ledgers which I had bought for the purpose; then at night I would lie in bed and fold my hands behind my head and think of what I had done that day and hear the solid, leather footbeat of the London bobby as he came by my window, and remember that I was born in North Carolina and wonder why the hell I was now in London lying in the darkened bed, and thinking about words I had that day put down on paper. I would get a great, hollow, utterly futile feeling inside me, and then I would get up and switch on the light and read the words I had written that day, and then I would wonder: why am I here now? why have I come? I worked there every day with such feelings as I have described, and came back to America in the winter and worked here. I would teach all day and write all night, and finally about two and a half years after I had begun the book in London, I finished it in New York.

I should like to tell about this, too. I was very young at the time, and I had the kind of wild, exultant vigor which a man has at that period of his life. The book took hold of me and possessed me. In a way, I think it shaped itself. Like every young man, I was strongly under the influence of writers I admired. One of the chief writers at that time was Mr. James Joyce with his book "Ulysses." The book that I was writing was much influenced, I believe, by his own book, and yet the powerful energy and fire of my own youth played over and, I think, possessed it all. Like Mr. Joyce, I wrote about things that I had known, the immediate life and experience that had been familiar to me in my childhood. Unlike Mr. Joyce, I had no literary experience. I had never had anything published before. My feeling toward writers, publishers, books, that whole fabulous far-away world, was almost as romantically unreal as when I was a child. And yet my book, the characters with which I had peopled it, the color and the weather of the universe which I had created, had possessed me, and so I wrote and wrote with that bright flame with which a young man writes who never has been published, and who yet is sure all will be good and must go well. This is a curious thing and hard to tell about, yet easy to understand in every writer's mind. I wanted fame, as every youth who ever wrote must want it, and yet fame was a shining, bright, and most uncertain thing.

The book was finished in my twenty-eighth year. I knew no publishers and no writers. A friend of mine took the huge manuscript—it was about 350,000 words long—and sent it to a publisher whom she knew. In a few days, a week or two, I received an answer from this man saying that the book could not be published. The gist of what he said was that his house had published several books like it the year before, that all of them had failed, and that, further, the book in its present form was so amateurish, autobiographical, and unskilful that a publisher could not risk a chance on it. I was, myself, so depressed and weary by this time, the illusion of creation which had sustained me for two and a half years had so far worn off, that I believed what the man said. At that time I was a teacher in one of New York's great universities, and when the year came to a close, I went abroad. It was only after I had been abroad almost six months that news came to me from another publisher in America that he had read my manuscript and would like to talk to me about it as soon as I came home.

"A photograph was printed in the paper with a statement to the effect that the angel . . . had given the title to my book."
(See page 16.)

I came home on New Year's Day that year. The next day I called up the publisher who had written me. He asked me if I would come to his office and talk to him. I went at once, and before I had left his office that morning, I had signed a contract and had a check for five hundred dollars in my hand.

It was the first time, so far as I can remember, that anyone had concretely suggested to me that anything I had written was worth as much as fifteen cents, and I know that I left the publisher's office that day and entered into the great swarm of men and women who passed constantly along Fifth Avenue at Forty-eighth Street and that presently I found myself at a Hundred and Tenth Street, and from that day to this I have never known how I got there.

For the next six or eight months I taught at the university and worked upon the manuscript of my book with this great editor. The book appeared in the month of October, 1929. The whole experience still had elements of that dream-like terror and unreality that writing had had for me when I had first begun it seriously and had lain in my room in London with my hands below my head and thought why am I here now? The awful, utter nakedness of print, that thing which is for all of us so namelessly akin to shame, came closer day by day. That I had wanted this exposure, I could not believe. It seemed to me that I had shamelessly exposed myself and yet that subtle drug of my desire and my creating held me with a serpent's eye, and I could do no other. I turned at last to this editor who had worked with me and found me, and I asked him if he could foretell the end and verdict of my labor. He said that he would rather tell me nothing, that he could not prophesy or know what profit I would have. He said, "All that I know is that they cannot let it go, they cannot ignore it. The book will find its way."

And that fairly describes what happened. I have read in recent months that this first book was received with what is called a "storm of critical applause," but this really did not happen. It got some wonderful reviews in some places; it got some unfavorable reviews in others, but it unquestionably did have a good reception for a first book, and what was best of all, as time went on, it continued to make friends among people who read books. It continued to sell over a period of four or five years in the publisher's edition, and later in a cheaper edition, The Modern Library, it renewed its life and began to sell again. The upshot of it was that after the publication of this book in the autumn of 1929, I found myself with a position as a writer. And here one of the first of my great lessons as a writer began.

Up to this time I had been a young man who wanted to be a writer more than anything on earth and who had created his first book in the great blaze of illusion which a young writer must feel when he has no evidence except his hope to drive him on. Now, in a certain measure, this had changed. I had been a writer in hope and in desire before and now I was a writer in fact. I would read about myself, for example, as one of the "younger American writers." I was a person who,

(Continued on page 12)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIII, No. 7, December 14, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ariel On His Adopted Island

PROPHETS AND POETS. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

M. MAUROIS in this book upon contemporary English writers has attempted to tell the French about English literature, and as a result has written a book highly instructive for English-speaking readers. Lecturing to French audiences upon the English literary scene, it was essential that he should set his English men of letters in the clearest perspective to their country and their times. He had to teach as well as criticize, and we all need teaching, especially in the difficult subject of contemporary literature, and from a mind as lucid, as fine, and as well informed as M. Maurois's.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Critics of literature usually overestimate the knowledge of their readers and underestimate their interest in the triple relationship between an author and his work, his work and his times. They are too eager to praise or condemn, too hurried or too concentrated to relate, define, explain. Hence the discipline of interpreting a foreign literature is of the utmost value, and has often produced useful books. The outstanding example of such writers is, naturally, the apostle Paul, but in lesser registries Taine, Brandes, and our own Professor Babbitt come to my mind. A closer parallel to this book are the subtle but less workmanlike lectures to the Japanese upon English literature of Lafcadio Hearn.

M. Maurois, in his "Prophets and Poets," has nothing that is startlingly new to say of his subjects, Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Conrad, Strachey, Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Katherine Mansfield, all writers with a "philosophy." (One wonders why he left out Galsworthy.) His estimates of Kipling, Wells, Conrad, Shaw, Chesterton, Lawrence are just, but about what one might expect in advance. Kipling with his spontaneous and constant inventiveness is the prophet of the heroic on the public school model, who made the British empire self-conscious and self-justifying. Wells is the Utopian who trusts science more than reality. Shaw is the English Voltaire whose public enemy number one was sentimentality. Chesterton rediscovered tradition in a time of treacherous shifting. Conrad is the modern stoic. Lawrence passed the difficult ordeal of a change of classes and became the revivalist of the senses. These dicta are expected because they are true. What I admire is the skill with which M. Maurois lifts truth out of platitude into importance. Not content with establishing a conclusion, he applies as well as demonstrates it, showing the reader how such a dominant as Kipling's hero worship works in and out from his life through his books into contemporary imagination, until the critic has made an aspect of culture articulate.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

With other writers whose talent is, perhaps, less English, certainly more subtle, though not necessarily greater, Maurois is even more successful, because his French mind at work upon the English has some of the detachment of posterity. Himself a biographer and historian, his essay upon Strachey is superb. Nowhere else has the struggle to restore the art of history been so admirably defined, nor the function of that bearded pundit as the spearhead of the reviving eighteenth century been so shrewdly described. I think that he overestimates the importance of Aldous Huxley, perhaps because of all these writers he is the nearest to cosmopolitan. It may be that the twenties in England in which Huxley first flourished can be described "as a steel-blue decade, a militant, clean-cut decade. Its generation wrung the neck of eloquence, as its master Strachey would have wished. It hated false sentiment, pushing sincerity to cynicism and cynicism to cruelty." But if Huxley is "one of the first novelists whose culture has been truly modern" few English or American critics would give him indubitable leadership. His stance has been more perfect than his drive. But nowhere has the small yet perfect achievement of Katherine Mansfield had such discriminating appreciation as in this book, and indeed perhaps only a French intellect could adequately describe her feminine universe in which she has cleared away little things to leave room for the big things, made her art "purified, detached," until the spectacle of life can be depicted "with perfect accuracy and complete sincerity."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

LYTTON STRACHEY

A book like this saddens one. There should be so much more criticism of this kind, there is so little. For here is a man of very great gifts, who uses his brilliant mind to help and not to hinder. The pussy-cats, old and young, of our reviewing world spend their energies scoring points for or against writers or their fellow critics, the old Toms of our scholarship meow only for more facts. Unlike them, Maurois's enlightened intelligence moves easily in a purer air where despite prejudices and vanities, of which he must have many, he can use all his faculties, biographical, critical, intuitive, historical, in the attempt to give the reader, not an argument, a blurb, or a diatribe, but his subject as he sees it, as a whole. It is the difference between Rousseau, carping at Richardson because the Englishman needed so many characters to make a novel, and Stendhal who recognized that true genius consists in the ability to make a summary, whether of a man, an idea, or a plot. We critics and reviewers are too prone to charge, like Rousseau, our own deficiencies against the authors we criticize, or weakly praise them because they flatter our own prejudices. I wish that every reviewer of American belles lettres could be made to undergo Maurois's discipline, — made to summarize in his criticism an attitude drawn from every view of his subject. I wish that this book could be made required reading for reviewers, if only in the hope that the appalling failure of American criticism to carry through might thus be at least made conscious. For one can read a thousand reviews without discovering a critic who, like Maurois, writes as a creative artist not as a mere describer, a critic who knows that since literature is imagination made articulate no critique is worth the attention of a civilized reader which does not carry on from the subject matter into that fine art of expression which gives a good book the form and pressure of its times.

As for the general reader, interested in the formative literary influences of our era, it should be necessary only to recommend so wise, so witty, and so informing a book.

The photograph of André Maurois on the cover is one recently taken in his own study. Curiously enough, M. Maurois, a Frenchman, first made his reputation as the author of a novel about the English. Liaison officer during the war to a Scottish Division, and later to G. H. Q., he utilized his experiences in writing "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Form and Function

LOUIS SULLIVAN: PROPHET OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By Hugh Morrison. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

THE impending success of modern architecture has excited critics and incited them to look the gift-horse in the teeth. Mr. Morrison's book goes beyond other recent critics' post-mortems concerning modern architecture in drawing its information from a single person (my understudy while "serving my time" with Adler and Sullivan) and the critic dedicates his criticisms to that personal source.* Not much honor have I seen among gratuitous enlighteners of the public where modern architecture is concerned. I've lived long enough to see it through and see through it.

But it is only fair to say that the gathering together of Adler's and Sullivan's important work in the beginning of our new architecture is useful and, but for reducing the grand old chief—Adler—to an appendix, the inclusion of a building neither ever saw (the Heath House), and many neither of them cared enough about to even look at—that part of the work is well done.

If only these gratuitous critics would confine themselves to effects they can see with their own eyes and would steer clear of causes they would have a better chance to be honest with themselves and so with others. When Morrison makes selections and infers he goes to pieces badly. His judgments are exactly wrong. The case against eclecticism is well presented but the real Louis Sullivan in his relation to time, place, and man is thrown entirely away to make a case for him as the forerunner of a functionalism for which neither then—no, nor now, would he have ever had more than a curse. His biographer foolishly takes pains to defend him against the very thing that he was and that no critic has yet been able to see as his true greatness.

"Form follows Function"? Has it occurred to no one, then, that Dankmar Adler, not Louis Sullivan, deserves the credit for that dogma? It was Adler's contribution to his young partner when he was teaching him practically all the young man knew about architecture below the belt? As an architect Louis Sullivan went to school, not to the Beaux Arts, but to Dankmar Adler. Out of his association with Adler came Sullivan's whole sense of building as a functional experience in Function.

Morrison should have appended Adler's paper on "The Influence of Steel Construction and Plate Glass on the Development of a Modern Style," etc., etc., and moved the chief up as teacher of the young poet and artist whose efflorescence he adored because it went beyond him to a realm he coveted.

A just biographer should know that to honor Adler is not to dishonor Sullivan. To underrate the chief, Adler, is to lose Sullivan as Morrison has lost him. Morrison's Sullivan is more Adler than Sullivan. None seems to see the master as he was and is so plainly written in his works. He put into my hands just before he died his own complete collection (hundreds) of the drawings (he had dated them) that represented him to himself at his best and said—"Frank, this to you for you'll be writing about my work some day." And "some day" I will give the world the figure of the great creative artist as he was and as he saw himself.

Sullivan is so much greater than his post-mortems would have him. He is essentially a lyric poet-philosopher interested in the sensuous experience of expressing inner rhythms, evolving a language of his own—his ornament—in which to utter himself: unique among mankind. The Wainwright, the Guarantee, and the Bayard buildings, the Getty Tomb and the Golden Door will tell. But what crass impertinence to put Richardson's influence upon Sullivan where ornament is concerned just because of similarity in the edges of certain leaves which if all children were to draw they would draw similarly: specious inference worthy of R. Hitchcock at his merriest and maddest.

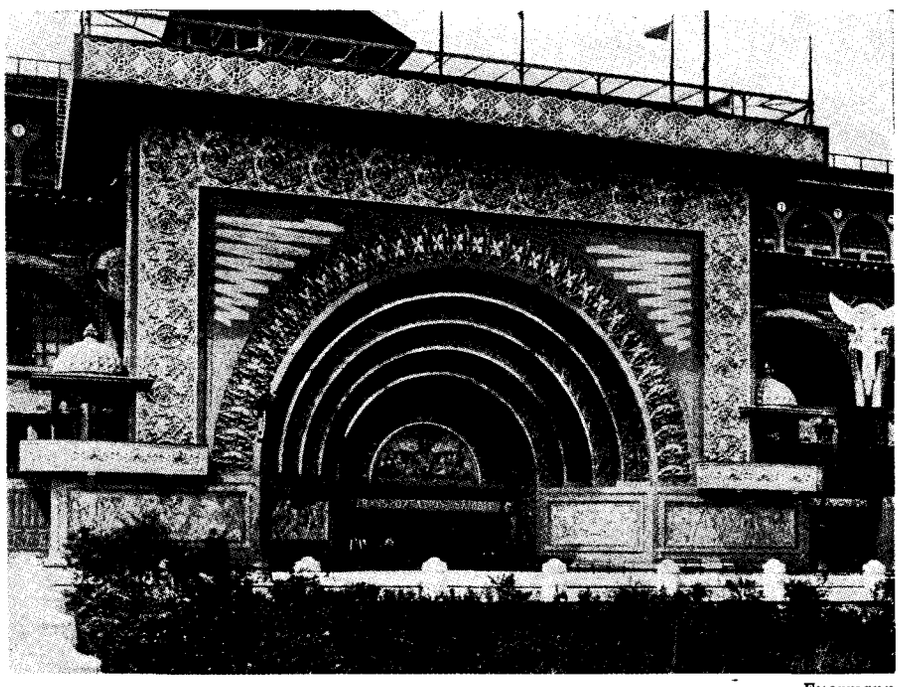
I can explain, for Mr. Morrison, the "mystery" of the oriels of the Stock Exchange Building. The "oriels" are nine bays projecting about two and one half feet over the sidewalk below them; projecting on nine floor levels. Calculate the floor space stolen, by ordinance, from the street and see "why" they were there! Then consider that such bays were preferred by tenants because they could look up and down the street without sticking their heads out of the windows, etc.

Bah! Sullivan's decline was not as Morrison says—due to the fact that his contemporaries did not recognize his talents, but more because they did and built a defense wall of gossip around him, to isolate him from their own possible clientèle which meant, to them, these United States.

The later work shown in the book is backwash or, as in the case of the Bradley House—Elmslie. The Getty Tomb, Wainwright, Guarantee and Condict and Schesinger-Meyer buildings were unadulterated Sullivan—his best buildings. The Condict (Bayard) building he loved best. It was nearest to his desire. Among the later ones, the Owatoma and Columbus Banks are the only works in which the master shows himself.

When Morrison says there is little or nothing known of the late years of Louis Sullivan's life he destroys the great significance of the tragedy of a great life in its helpless relation to the time in which and to the people among whom Louis Sullivan, the great creative artist, lived. And this is biography? No. No more biography than good criticism!

Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the most distinguished of American architects of the new school, at the beginning of his career worked in the same office as Adler and Sullivan. He is the architect of the Imperial Hotel, Tokio, and of many other buildings of note. His autobiography was published three years ago.



Fuermann

THE "GOLDEN DOOR" OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING
Designed by Louis Sullivan for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

* *The book is dedicated to George Grant Elmslie.—Editor.*

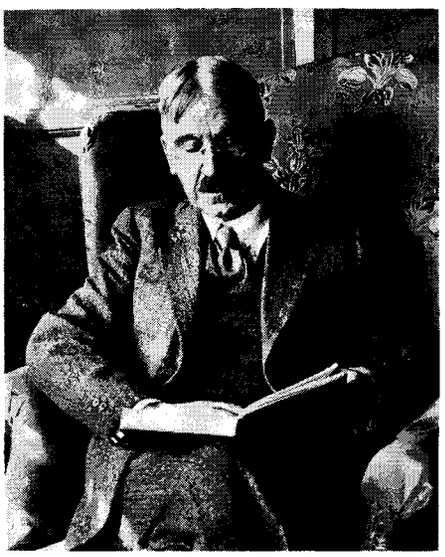
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salvation by Intelligence

LIBERALISM AND SOCIAL ACTION. By John Dewey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $1.50.

Reviewed by HORACE M. KALLEN

THIS book took form as a series of lectures in the university which Thomas Jefferson founded. It is dedicated to the memory of Jane Addams. It is written by the foremost living philosopher of liberalism in the United States. A happier coming together of the different streams of the great American tradition could hardly be, nor a clearer, more compelling exposition of its humane wisdom, and its scientific courage.



JOHN DEWEY

For the great tradition of America is liberal, and Dewey's "Liberalism and Social Action" restates in the language and under the conditions of his times what Jefferson's Declaration of Independence affirmed in the language and under the conditions of his. The burden of mankind in Jefferson's day was the weight of institutions upon the individual, bowing him down, defeating his will, frustrating his individuality. The Declaration affirmed the equal status, in nature and in right, of different individuals. It affirmed that governments, and by implication, all other institutions, are made for men and not men for institutions; it rested their powers on consent and their continued operation on service. Climax of an intellectual vision and a political attitude whose first great interpreter was John Locke, anticipation of the same vision and attitude restated by Jeremy Bentham and his "philosophical radicals," the Declaration of Independence is the high classic among the scriptures of liberalism. It is the fighting word, the great Liberal Manifesto.

In the new-spreading economy of industry the doctrine of *laissez faire* extended the individualist premise of the Declaration without its collectivist consequences. Captains of finance and industry insisted that only the powers of government rest on consent and only government operations continue through service, but the institutions of business are exempt from this control. They thus employed the principle of liberty as the instrument of a new bondage, bringing liberalism into disrepute as a hypocritical defense of the institutional *status quo*.

It is this latter day degradation of the liberal outlook and paralysis of the liberal principle which Mr. Dewey attacks, it is new birth of liberalism that he seeks. What, he asks, shall the liberal do to be saved in a world where technology, resting upon science and established upon industry, calls for fundamental institutional changes? and where institutions, defined in the organized habits and customs of men, resist all changes, imposing scarcity in the face of almost inevitable abundance, coercion and oppression in the face of enriched possibilities of liberty? What shall the liberal do? Shall he drift? Shall he attempt to accomplish change by violence? Or shall he mobilize the freed social intelligence, and by implementing of the method of science in the institutions of society, sustain the continuous and immanent ends of liberalism by new and more relevant means? For the ends of liberalism are what they always were: the equal security of all men in their lives, liberties, and happiness; but the means change. "Liberalism," declares Mr. Dewey,

> is committed to an end that is at once enduring and flexible: the liberation of individuals so that realization of their capacities may be the law of their life. It is committed to the use of freed intelligence as the method of directing change. In any case, civilization is faced with the problem of uniting the changes that are going on into a coherent pattern of social organization. The liberal spirit is marked by its own picture of the pattern that is required: a social organization that will make possible effective liberty and opportunity for personal growth in mind and spirit in all individuals. Its present need is recognition that established material security is a prerequisite of the ends which it cherishes, so that, the basis of life being secure, individuals may actively share in the wealth of cultural resources that now exist and may contribute, each in his own way, to their further enrichment.

What is this, but the principle of the Declaration in modern dress, a new "philosophical radicalism" which, seeking not reforms but reformation, recognizes that you cannot win freedom by means of enslavement nor abundance by means of scarcity, and that the method of freedom must vary with its conditions? The permanent task of liberalism is to keep the ways to the good life wide open for every man. At one time, in one place, under one set of circumstances, it does so by the centrifugal action known as *laissez faire;* at others by the centripetal action known as *collectivism.* What determines the use of the one or the other is not its dogmatic content but its factual consequences. As in scientific procedure, so in social action; the method of intelligence will bring together, confront, and test out all possible alternatives until they come to a consensus. This consensus is the "socially organized intelligence," the true alternative to drift and violence. It rests upon democracy, scientific method, and experimental control. *Laissez faire* having led only to the oppression and confusion of individuals, it turns from *laissez faire* to the socialization of the forces of production. This is now the next step in the attainment of freedom by the method of freedom for the ends freedom conceived as the growth of each individual into the abundance of the good life. If we are to be saved, only the coöperative intelligence of mankind can save us.

By what means, in what form, the forces of production are to be socialized Mr. Dewey refuses to say. He is concerned only to vindicate liberalism as a present-day principle of social action, and so far as this reader is concerned he succeeds. But those who want a program to implement the principle will not be satisfied. Jefferson and Bentham wrote their principles to vindicate actual programs. At the moment, Mr. Dewey leaves a gap. I urge him to weigh Consumers' Coöperation as the method of freedom in social action.

H. M. Kallen, lecturer in the New School for Social Research, is the author of numerous works of philosophy.

The Empty Chariot

By WALTER DE LA MARE

AMID the wood's delicious green
While I dreamed the noon away
Saw I once how strange a scene!—
Fleet along the wooded way,
Rolling softly o'er the moss,
Drawn by fawns as white as may
Which upon the air did toss
Antlers white as mountain-spray
A small silver chariot!
Empty it was, save for a bow,
And a quiver, freighted not
For that small and slack-stringed bow.
Whose it was, ah! who may say?—
Save the nightingale alone
That upon a shadowy spray
Mused this drowsy scene upon;
Called on love melodiously,
Sadly as a hollow stone,
Love, love, love where art thou flown?
Empty flits thy chariot by,
Warriorless, solitary.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS.....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1935, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Life Out of Books

IN his essay upon best-sellers printed in this *Review* last week, Mr. Allen calls modestly for a scholar to continue his researches in best-selling popularity. A scholar, yes—but particularly a historical scholar of critical perspicuity—might find there a mine of unquarried social history. Consider that of the millions upon millions who read those books in the three decades covered by Mr. Allen's survey, all but the most insensitive carried away some impress upon the imagination which could very readily influence life.

No one, for example, who was in his or her youth at the turn of the century, can forget how those chivalrous, romantic, sentimental novels of the confident years of the Spanish War and afterward dramatized themselves in the personalities of hundreds of thousands of the young. Laugh if you please at the cartoons which pretend to recall that era—the tandem bicycles, the big sleeves, and especially the square-chinned young men in straw hats too big for them, and the "queenly" women who are so obviously honest, innocent, awkward, and very beautiful. Within the breasts of these romantic young people the naive expectation of success and the confident belief that good can always lick evil, at least in America, are almost visible, their imprint is so strong. And this expectation, that belief, had been dramatized for most of them by the best-selling novels of the day. For why did these sell so widely? Most certainly because readers found in them something that they wanted which answered the inarticulate aspirations of their own nature. The romantic virtue of Richard Carvel and the homely humorous virtue of David Harum created self-dramatizations of hundreds of thousands of Richards and Davids in real life.

Hence when the change of scene had come, with a new setting, new lighting, a new mood; when it was time for "Main Street" and "Babbitt," the difference in books was no greater than the difference in what was drawn from them. It is a mistake to think of "Babbitt" as merely satire. There were hundreds of thousands of Babbitts in the pre-War days, but they were not ripe for self-realization and hence not ripe for a best-selling book. Only when the type we now call Babbitt was triumphant in the United States, would hundreds of thousands read a book that dramatized this particular attitude of mind and made a character of it. Only then would they read this novel, not to jeer, or deny, but aware that some emotional insufficiency within themselves had been made articulate, which said that to be Babbitt was not enough. Smug, complacent men after the reading of that novel began to dramatize themselves as not smug, not complacent. The note of self-pity of those who wished to declare that they had sacrificed their souls to American prosperity begins to be observable in American fiction and drama from that period. Was it this that made American business so extraordinarily humble when the country turned upon it and its practitioners after the crash? We recommend to the ambitious social historian a study of the shades of meaning in the use of the words broker, banker, business man in, say 1900, 1920, 1933.

Another instance of book-induced imagination is the increasing coarseness and brutality of manners in the present decade. Here the best-sellers are not so significant as more sensational if less widely circulated books, and especially stories in the magazines. The idea that Victorian society had gentle, considerate manners is entirely drawn from books. There was more brutality and much more coarseness than now, but it was kept out of literary consciousness, and beneath social recognition. The brutal sex stories of the twenties and the sordid narratives of cheap life which began to be read widely at that time, and the flippant outspokenness of light fiction, were just as much cues for self-dramatization as those other far different pictures of society had been before. The tough girl stepped from the bar room and brothel into café and living room. The boozing woman-chaser dramatized himself as a leading libertine. Morals, fundamentally, were probably little changed. But their expression was violently changed. Lust became articulate. Hypocrisy became unnecessary. The tone of society was altered. And the oncoming generation had to face a set of values in which commendable honesty and a brutal disregard for what used to be called delicacy of feeling (and may again) were unhappily confused. It was a real confusion because it derived as much from books as from the new circumstances of a demoralized society. To be sure those books imitated the new manners. But they exaggerated them in the process of making them dramatic, and so became an important factor in social change.

Let us offer a thesis subject which, if successfully worked out, will deserve a good Ph.D. The candidate should take such magazines as *The Atlantic Monthly* of the 60s to the 70s, *Harpers* and *Century* of the 80s, *St. Nicholas* of the 90s, *The Saturday Evening Post* of the 10s and 20s, the *New Yorker*, *Time*, and *Liberty* of the 30s, and investigate the reciprocal influences between society and their pages. He should not stop with the short stories and the serials, or the human interest narratives of the modern magazines. Editorials, essays, pictures—one might say especially pictures, advertisements—perhaps in the later period most of all advertisements, will contain invaluable clues. Letters to the editor, if any, are important. And a really penetrating study would succeed in describing the tone, which is to say the underlying philosophy, conscious or unconscious, of these magazines, and its relation to the manners, the attitudes, and the life of their readers.

More can be learned from such an investigation than from research in still unpublished documents. But the aspiring historian must watch his step. He will be close to the complexity of life itself.

Jane Austen Lovers of Jane Austen, who have seen the performance of "Pride and Prejudice" now holding the New York stage, will inevitably feel that some of the delicious charm of the book has evaporated in the transcription from novel to play. But perhaps even the most confirmed of Janeites will realize as never before how completely dateless fiction can be if a writer of insight into human nature, with an eye for the foibles of character and an ear for the realities of speech, lets the humor of a Jane Austen deploy upon the contemporary scene. When all is said and done, the one unchanging factor in life is the conduct of men.

Ten Years Ago

"I have almost come to where I shall flee a story that any critic recommends," wrote a subscriber in a letter published in The Saturday Review for December 19th, 1925. He found his opinions so frequently varied from those of contemporary professional reviewers that he felt compelled to ask: *"Are we, men such as my friends and I, wholly lacking in taste, wholly lacking in appreciation of literature, wholly unable to tell a good story when we read it, or, is there something wrong with the critics?"*

Today

On the opposite page you will find two letters adding further fuel to this ever-present controversy. . . . Are professional critics unable to see the forest because of the trees, as these subscribers suggest? Should books be reviewed only for and by laymen? What is your opinion?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *What Makes a Good Reviewer?*

Amateur Reviewers

SIR:—I have been recently struck with an idea that you should find curious. A creature of impulse, I am given to those things though I am not addicted to fan mail, letters to editors, and such repressed genius loquacity. In fact I think this is my first offense. With this apology, here's the idea:

Through reading book review periodicals it has occurred to me that the taste of the professional book reviewer (you don't employ exclusively such) inevitably becomes at least too subtle and sophisticated, if not outrightly academic, to render the best service to the general reading public. They are naturally concerned that their critical reputations shall not anguish in the hands of an indignant posterity. Jeffrey's spirit must surely writhe in torment whenever some amused university professor relates his "This will never do" judgment to a shocked and incredulous class in "Nineteenth Century Poetry." The evidence of literary history that there is a wide variance between contemporary taste and the judgment of posterity is sufficient to make any self-respecting literary critic turn up his coat collar.

But contemporary taste has a right to be served. I wonder if best sellers do not become such through the grape-vine system rather than through the acclaim of the reviewers. At least I think it would be interesting to hear lay opinion on the matter. I propose that a special column of reviews by laymen, of an outstanding book reviewed in the same issue by your staff, would be of interest to the reading public. You should secure these reviewers from the ranks of business and professional people. Librarians should be able to help you to that. You could request the librarian at Squeedunk, Wis., for instance, to supply you with the name of her most consistent reader who has no academic connection. He will generally be glad to do it for the experience and will feel that the free copy of the book reviewed is sufficient pay.

Now isn't that a curious idea?

HAROLD W. BEYER (*a layman*).

Pottstown, Pa.

[*But will it work? Our experience with amateur reviewers is that the reviewers seldom succeed in translating their impressions into adequate words.—The Editor.*]

Professional Reviewers

SIR:—A thought has been plaguing me recently. The best way to get it off my mind is to send it along to you. Briefly, it is this:

What particular qualifications for reviewing a book has the novelist or poet who happens to have written a novel or poem based upon the same scene or historical period as the book under review?

Because Gladys Hasty Carroll has written a novel about Maine, because Pearl Buck has thrust China into the novel form, because Faulkner has written a novel about flyers, are we to assume that immediately those authors become capable critics of all books about Maine, China, and flying? Are there insufficient critics, men and women who have prepared themselves in the field of criticism and reviewing, students of form, writers who are capable of analysis, to write reviews nowadays? Or must we, perforce, depend upon Oliver La Farge to review for us any new book about Indians, Stephen Vincent Benét any new Civil War poem or novel, Erskine Caldwell any new bemoaning of the fate of the "share croppers"? I should not be surprised to learn that over night John O'Hara becomes in the eyes of present-day editors the only man who can review a novel dealing with country clubs, speakeasies, or other phenomena of prohibition days.

If the novelist or the poet concerns himself principally with background, and doesn't much care whether he is writing a novel or a poem, there may possibly be a happy combination of writer and reviewer when they are both interested in the same subject. Yet possibly, too, there may be prejudice on the part of the reviewer in favor of the scene to which he himself has devoted so much time and effort. Hence, in favor of the book under review. But what of the novel as a novel? What of poetry as poetry? The significance and lasting qualities of a work of literature depend very slightly on whether it is about Maine, China, or flying. And perhaps the man who knows the most about one of these three subjects knows the least about literature. In so many cases it would seem that the one novel that gives him the privilege of discussing all novels of a similar nature or setting was a flash in the pan of a decade ago.

Can it be that these one-book writers have spent their time studying book reviewing and criticism instead of trying to write more novels and better novels? Or, more seriously, can it be that editors are attempting to increase circulation through the noted names of their reviewers rather than through the worth of their reviews? Let us have more criticism and less chumminess.

W. W. PATTERSON.

Onchiota, N. Y.

[*It can safely be said that the first requisite for a good reviewer of fiction is that he should know a good novel when he sees it. If, in addition, he is familiar with the background, that is a point, and a good one, in his favor. But if the novel is reviewed only for its background, the review is a poor one. In other words, it's impossible to generalize. What do other readers think?—The Editor.*]

"COURTING THE MUSE?"

Two Anniversaries

SIR:—This month all the literate world is celebrating the seventieth anniversary of Rudyard Kipling. It might be fitting for the smaller and more select group to whom he gave the name of "The Janeites" to celebrate on December 16 the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Jane Austen.

Since there are no clubs which bear her name, no Jane Austen society to issue learned treatises, Jane Austen's admirers ought to commemorate her birth with some fitting exercise. We cannot drink a toast of "Glory, love, and honor unto England's Jane" in old Constantia wine in these days. However, we can all manage to celebrate with, at least, a baked apple (baked three times according to Mr. Woodhouse) or some dried cherries, and honor at one time "England's Jane" and the man who gave our cult its most appropriate name.

ALBERTA H. BURKE.

Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Family Portraits in a Parisian Setting

THE FORTUNES OF THE PASQUIERS. By Georges Duhamel. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

A SECOND and more generous slice of Pasquier family history is offered by this translation in one English volume of Duhamel's two short novels, "Le Jardin des Bêtes Sauvages" and "Vue de la Terre Promise." When "Papa Pasquier" appeared last year, it introduced the head of the tribe, a character almost as incorrigible and endearing in his own Gallic way as Mr. Clarence Day's now celebrated parent. With the progress of the story a somewhat less attractive portrait emerges. Pasquier's financial schemes become more and more involved and the list of his infidelities grows alarmingly long. The whole situation is increasingly difficult for his long-suffering wife and children. The money-loving eldest son, Joseph, and Cécile, artistically the most gifted of his children, grow up and break away from the family circle, yet in spite of all the absurd scrapes into which he falls, he never quite loses his grip as master of the household, nor does his personal charm ever quite evaporate. The conception of the family as an indissoluble unit, so strong in France, permeates the tragi-comedy which the author has arranged around this well drawn and highly characteristic figure.

The qualities of M. Duhamel's work are Anglo-Saxon rather than conventionally French. He writes calmly, without bitterness or excessive prejudice. The best passages of his novels give us in good-humored fashion the everyday detail of life,

GEORGES DUHAMEL

while the narrative moves easily and logically on its way, animated at times with a fantasy which never becomes mere eloquent embroidery. To this story of a middle class family struggling with poverty the author brings the analytical powers of a scientist and a sympathetic heart—a heart which he apparently left behind when he came to America to write the book by which he is best known to us. Much, however, may be forgiven any writer who dared in 1918 to present to his countrymen, still under arms, a remarkably sane and disillusioned view of the war and its results.

His chronicle of the Pasquiers is in any case a distinct achievement, his best in fiction. The narrative is admirably managed, never obscure or involved as in some of the other instalment-novels to which we are being treated these days. In matter and manner it resembles Roger Martin du Gard's unfinished "Les Thibault" rather than the work of Romains or Proust, but its sentiment is more genuine and its style more genial and agreeable. There is little in M. Duhamel's work that is startling or brilliant. It will never cause literary controversies. But these family portraits, placed against a Parisian background of forty years ago, are marvellously alive and entertaining. Samuel Putnam's translation may in the main be considered a success.

The Warden's Tale

CELL 202—SING SING. By Warden Lewis E. Lawes. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ROLAND MULHAUSER

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES of Sing Sing with his prison books invariably elicits from an amazingly heterogeneous audience a unanimity of approval that few other writers obtain. Regardless of their content, philosophy, or literary value, his books are both readable and reasonable. True, the sociologist finds in them little he does not already know, the literary critic, no special cause for superlatives. Yet their dramatic realism, their honest-to-life sincerity, and their freedom from sentimentality, moralizing, and prejudice earn for them the widespread popularity they deserve.

Eighty-five years, this time, instead of 20,000, are covered in Warden Lawes's new novel, "Cell 202—Sing Sing." The four long-term prisoners who consecutively occupied this cell are the central figures of a very broad and well woven tapestry showing the history of the prison, its changing methods, its unchanging futility. In the case of each of these prisoners a very complete background is given. Economic, geographic, and historical data, instead of weighting down the seven hundred pages of the book, are presented so vividly and so apropos that they lend it

LEWIS E. LAWES

a challenging authenticity. Whether or not the story follows closely the actual lives of the men who occupied cell 202, it bears every mark of being an accurate portrayal. The men are not "type cast" even though their criminal activities and prison reactions fit the periods in which they lived. They are presented as individuals, living eventful lives, erring and suffering as human beings.

The answer to the prison problem will not be found in "Cell 202." There is, instead, a wealth of source material, accounts of unsuccessful methods, and a generous realization of the extremely complicated factors that are involved. Forward looking as Warden Lawes is, he nevertheless admits the inadequacy of liberalizing the prisons. He says:

> Abolish the rule of silence, do away with the lockstep and the stripes, pierce the massive stone walls of the old cell block, introduce baseball, entertainment, open every shop, and what do you have? Prisoners, after all. Boys and men who had become impatient with values and standards of life and morals, and who have dared to fashion others in keeping with their own vision and mentality.

In his Epilogue the Warden disclaims any panacea. He finds,

> It is difficult to undo the things that have become ingrained in our national consciousness, and in short order to make good every deficiency. Simpler legal codes will help. Simpler habits of thought and living. A more even distribution of opportunity to achieve contentment. But above all, our educational, social, and economic agencies must be reorganized with the view to strengthening our moral fiber as individuals and as a nation.

Warden Lawes has presented a cyclorama of thrilling events and dramatic people, strictly indigenous to their setting.

Roland Mulhauser was formerly engaged for over five years in prison library work with the federal prisons and the New York City jails.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on Ohio

THIS morning when I went out to The Knothole to work, the temperature in here was 20°. With both fireplace and an ancient oil-stove I couldn't get it above 50°. So I went for succor, as usual, to the local hardware store, and found a new kind of oil-stove. Like everything else nowadays it is "streamlined"; it looks like a radio cabinet and burns with a flame as blue as Mr. Gissing's furnace. What pleased me most was to discover that it came from Lorain, Ohio. The State of Ohio has been much in my mind. To fasten some impressions of a recent brief visit I make a few memoranda.

In the extraordinary Art Museum in Toledo, for instance, I was astounded by the large auditorium done in the manner of a Greek theatre. The "peristyle" they call it, and the lighting effect is such (on a ceiling of plaster or stucco) that you have the illusion of being outdoors. I do not believe I have seen anywhere a more beautiful theatre. And I saw some superb Albrecht Dürer prints, particularly the one of St. Jerome in his cell. Mr. Gosline of the Museum and I had a few moments' pleasant argument as to the symbolism of this famous old engraving; I can't resist recalling what I wrote about it long ago in this Bowling Green:—

"How delightful it is! The bald-headed old anchorite deep in scrivening; the equally bald (but unhaloed) skull on the window-ledge; the table bare save for crucifix and inkpot (but why is the ink on the *left* side, where, to dip the quill, the Saint's long trailing sleeve must smear over the wet manuscript?); the cushions (rather a lot of cushions for a solitary ascete); the scissors and memoranda tucked into loops on the wall; and, of course, the sleeping dog and lion in the foreground.

"It means, I suppose, that immersion in studies puts to slumber the dog of Meanness and the lion of Passion. You'll notice, however, that the lion is not so sound asleep as the dog."

Now having built a cell of my own, I examine the picture of Saint Jerome's all the more attentively. The light comes from the right side, which must have been bad for his work on the Vulgate; perhaps some of his frequent controversies were due to eye-strain? I like the old slippers under the window-seat, but I don't see any stove or heating apparatus.—The great gourd hung from the ceiling is a perfect forerunner of modern lamp-design. (See picture on next page.)

The first thing you see, entering Toledo by train, is a large bridge that seems to have collapsed into the river, and reminded me of some dental business long overdue. I discussed this with the taxi-driver, which led to one of the pleasantest illustrations of local patriotism. "That's the Maumee," he said, "one of the only two rivers in the world that flow North. The Maumee and the Amazon."

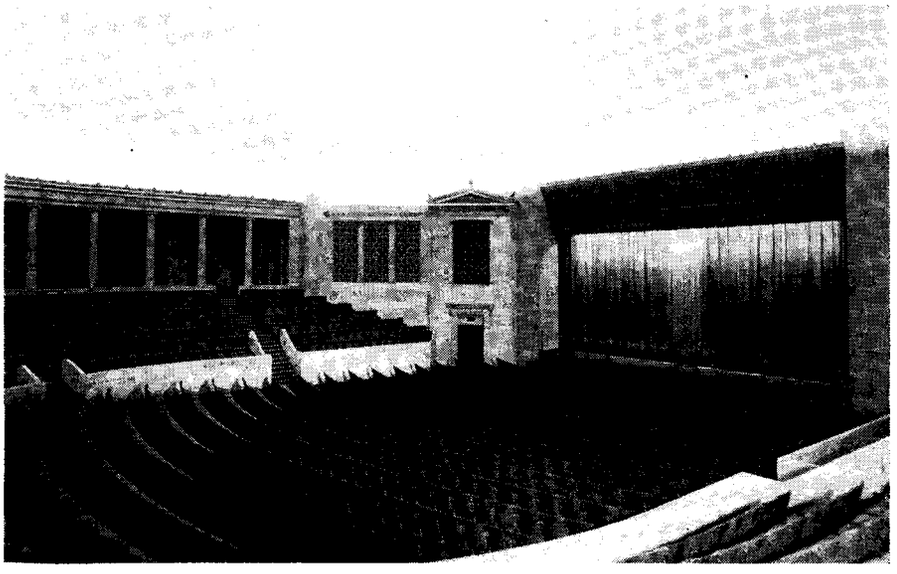
The funny thing was that at South Bend, only a few days before, someone had said the same thing about the St. Joseph River.

In Toledo it suddenly struck me, what a fine militant flashing name for a newspaper is the *Toledo Blade*. I was sorry to find it printed on yellowish paper instead of an appropriate cutlass-colored steel-gray.

After much train-travel the ride by interurban electric from Toledo to Dayton (5½ hours) is an interesting change. It was a quiet Sunday morning, the fields white with snow. The comfortable car goes kiting along sounding a fish-horn blast like schooners on the Grand Banks. Long-heard-of names appear on the timetable, and some strangers too. There's Bowling Green, Wapakoneta, Tippecanoe City, Ginghamsburg; and you learn to pronounce Bellefontaine properly, viz., Bellfountain. Little black pigs scampering in the snowy fields and the friendliness of casual passengers in the Red Electric (so they call the smart Cincinnati & Lake Erie) both seemed somehow characteristic of the Buckeye State.

If you take the 7 A.M. car from Toledo you can be at the always comfortable Van Cleve in Dayton in time for lunch. There are two ejaculations known, with their individual variations, to every traveler. One, when the bag is dropped in a familiar hotel and the hot water is splashing into the tub, "Be it never so humble there's no place like a hotel."—And the other, in those delicious moments of waiting after phoning for what the Middle West calls Beverage Service: "A Drink has been arranged, and will shortly take place."—You will hunt a long way to find a pleasanter resort for a snowy Sunday afternoon than the Wagonwheel Room of the Van Cleve. Why is there so much hypocrisy about our thanks for the good things of life? We are always saying thankyou to such artists as Chaucer and Jerome Kern and Grant Wood; why not to their humble colleagues the chefs and headwaiters?

After hearing much about Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Ohio) and reading many of its admirable bulletins, it was interesting to have a glimpse of the place itself. I drove out from Dayton with a former student who particularly remembered the incumbency of Hendrik Willem Van Loon as teacher, and that when he and others were digging ditches round Mr. Van Loon's house in cold weather the historian would invite them in for coffee. The village and the college campus have a quiet New England air, which (the catalogue suggests) "was first imparted by families that came from the East while Horace Mann was president of the college." I was much pleased by the dignity and simplicity of the buildings, and the alert look of the students, who come from an unusually wide range of origins. Most of all, if I can say so without offense, I was impressed by one of the faculty, a professor of languages who has been blind since childhood; who has learned all his Greek from texts in Braille, and



AUDITORIUM, TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL
A Dürer engraving—Toledo Museum

regrets only that in a college of largely vocational tendencies he has few students with whom he can share his delight. It made me think that perhaps every college should have at least one blind teacher, to remind us how much we miss that lies open to the inward eye.

The Antioch College catalogue deserves study. I was delighted to find it not afraid to use the good old word "drudgery" which most educators would be leery of. "The obligation of the college to cooperative employers," it says, "can be met only by responsible students of character and intelligence, who will work hard and, if necessary, endure drudgery. The college desires to eliminate students of low aims and those who will not work for an education, as well as those who would be discouraged by the intellectual effort demanded by a college program."

I was interested to notice that the entire top of the Dean's office desk was covered by a huge photograph, under glass, of the whole college body with the name of each person marked. It was a remarkable picture, in which each of five or six hundred faces could be studied. I commend this idea to other Deans.

Antioch seems to me to have admirably sensible ideas about athletics (it has abandoned all intercollegiate contests and has no "varsity" teams) and also about religion. I find in the catalogue this interesting passage:—

"Of all American college and university students today, we might guess at the following distribution. Perhaps one-half have no concern about religion, either new or old. Some of them tacitly 'believe' and some 'disbelieve.' They go to college to improve their economic or social status, and not to find a way of life. Perhaps ten or fifteen per cent are sincere, active adherents of some orthodox faith, while possibly thirty or forty per cent are earnestly concerned about the significance of life, but have permanently abandoned orthodox beliefs. They cannot be forced back into these beliefs, and unless valid purposes and objectives can be presented to them or be discovered by them, they may lose the hope of finding any. Antioch College is especially interested in this thirty or forty per cent."

Happily the seriousness of purpose which is here admirably expressed has not in any degree subtracted the natural high spirits of youth. I have rarely seen a college body so susceptible to laughter; and at the Assembly I attended I heard the president of the Student Self-Government reproach the fact that sixteen panes of glass had been broken by snowballs during the wintry week-end.

Another phase of education was in a visit to a high school in Dayton. I happened to see on the principal's desk a report on some delinquent students. Of one unidentified culprit his teacher had reported: "He only wants to lounge in his seat or sleep, and looks off into space whenever possible."

Somehow I had a keen fellow-feeling with that unknown urchin. The principal of that school is a wise and far-seeing man, and knows that the Space-Looker may fool us yet. He may be a Dillinger, but he might also be a young Thoreau.

The Story of a Novel

(*Continued from page* 4)

some of the critics said, was to be watched. They were looking forward to my future book with interest and with a certain amount of apprehension. Here, too, my education as a writer was increasing all the time. Now, indeed, I could hear myself discussed, and somehow the fact was far more formidable than I had dreamed that it could be. It worried me, confused me, gave me a strange feeling of guilt and responsibility. I was a young American writer, and they had hopes and fears about my future, and what would I do, or would it be anything, nothing, much, or little? Would the faults which they had found in my work grow worse or would I conquer them? Was I another flash in the pan? Would I come through? What would happen to me?

I let it worry me. I would go home at night and look around my room and see that morning's coffee cup still unwashed and books on the floor and a shirt where I had thrown it the night before and great stacks of manuscript and everything so common and familiar looking and so disorderly, and then I would think that I was now a young American writer; that somehow I was practising an imposture on my readers and my critics because my shirt looked the way it did and my books and my bed—not, you understand, because they were disorderly, common, familiar, but just because they looked the way they did.

But now another fact began to gnaw a way into my consciousness.

The critics had begun to ask questions about the second book, and so now I had to think about the second one as well. I had always wanted to think about the second one and the thirty-second one and the fifty-second one. I had been sure that I had a hundred books in me, that all of them would be good, that each of them would make me famous. But here again was a strange and jolting transition from wild hope and exultant conviction; and plain, blazing fact remained. Now that I had actually written one book and THEY, the actual readers and the critics who had read it, were looking for a second, I was up against it. I was not up against it the way I dreaded, I was just up against it cold and hard as one comes up against a wall. I was a writer. I had made the writer's life my life; there was no going back; I had to go on. What could I do? After the first book there had to be a second book. What was the second book to be about? Where would it come from?

This inexorable fact, although it became more and more pressing, did not bother me so much at first. Rather I was concerned with many other things that had to do with the publication of that first book, and as before, I had foreseen none of them. In the first place, I had not foreseen one fact which becomes absolutely plain after a man has written a book, but which he cannot foresee until he has written one. This fact is that one writes a book not in order to remember it, but in order to forget it, and now this fact was evident. As soon as the book was in print, I began to forget about it, I wanted to forget about it, I didn't want people to talk to me or question me about it. I just wanted them to leave me alone and shut up about it. And yet I longed desperately for my book's success. I wanted it to have the position of proud esteem and honor in the world that I longed for it to have—I wanted, in short, to be a successful and a famous man, and I wanted to lead the same kind of obscure and private life I'd always had and not to be told about my fame and success.

From this problem, another painful and difficult situation was produced. I had written my book, more or less, directly from the experience of my own life, and, furthermore, I now think that I may have written it with a certain naked intensity of spirit which is likely to characterize the earliest work of a young writer. At any rate, I can honestly say that I did not foresee what was to happen. I was surprised not only by the kind of response my book had with the critics and the general public, I was most of all surprised with the response it had in my native town. I had thought there might be a hundred people in that town who would read the book, but if there were a hundred outside of the negro population, the blind, and the positively illiterate who did not read it, I do not know where they are. For months the town seethed with a fury of resentment which I had not be-

(*Continued on page* 14)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These names rank high
in an outstanding literary season . . .

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT...has a grand new book

A thousand pages of the best reading he's encountered in a lifetime of exploration: the work of 17 authors; novels, a full-length biography, 7 book-length works; stories; essays; *plus 18 original Woollcott articles.* $3.

THE WOOLLCOTT READER

STEFAN ZWEIG...writes "his masterpiece."

This great biography of a Queen who lost an empire because she was a woman, has outsold its author's *Marie Antoinette.* Critics and public hail it as his finest work. In its 2nd hundred thousand. *Illus.* $3.50.

MARY Queen of Scotland and the Isles

PETER QUENNELL..."places himself in the lead

of contemporary biographers," says Horace Gregory, commenting on this superb re-creation of a vivid, contradictory figure. *Ill.* $3.50.

BYRON The Years of Fame

MONICA SHANNON

...won the Newbery Medal *for the year's most distinguished* contribution to children's literature. $2.00.

DOBRY

18 East 48th St. • THE VIKING PRESS • New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an object of taste

+

for your Christmas Giving!

"FOR LIFE"

BY NATHALIE COLBY

Here are the ingredients: a novel suffused with the sound of mighty wings—the story of something terrific in the life of a woman—an orchestration, like **Wuthering Heights,** that plays on in your mind, long after the book is closed.

And here are some of the men and women—a Who's Who of American life and letters—who have been deeply moved by this fine work:

Miss Frances Perkins,

The Secretary of Labor:
"I read the book practically through at one sitting. It is revealed subtly page after page. . . ."

James Pepperell Montague,

Eminent Philosopher:
"I think it is something very like great. It has moved me more deeply than anything I have read for a very long time."

Mabel Dodge Luhan,

Author: "FOR LIFE is just the kind of book I like."

The Atlantic Monthly:

"Intensity of emotions and absorbing passions."

There is no room to quote from the enthusiastic opinions of

Louis Bromfield
Herschel Brickell
William Rose Benét
Henry Goddard Leach
Blanche Colton Williams
Eda Lou Walton
Abbé Ernest Dimnét

To read "For Life" is a rich reward which you owe yourself.

$2.50

and published by Morrow

The Story of a Novel

(*Continued from page* 12)

lieved possible. The book was denounced from the pulpit by the ministers of the leading churches. Men collected on street corners to denounce it. For weeks the women's clubs, bridge parties, teas, receptions, book clubs, the whole complex fabric of a small town's social life was absorbed by an outraged clamor. I received anonymous letters full of vilification and abuse, one which threatened to kill me if I came back home, others which were merely obscene. One venerable old lady, whom I had known all my life, wrote me that although she had never believed in lynch law, she would do nothing to prevent a mob from dragging my "big overgroan karkus" across the public square. She informed me further, that my mother had taken to her bed "as white as a ghost" and would "never rise from it again."

There were many other venomous attacks from my home town and for the first time I learned another lesson which every young writer has got to learn. And that lesson is the naked, blazing power of print. At that time it was for me a bewildering and almost overwhelming situation. My joy at the success my book had won mixed with bitter chagrin at its reception in my native town. And yet I think I learned something from that experience, too. For the first time I was forced to consider squarely this problem: where does the material of an artist come from? What are the proper uses of that material, and how far must his freedom in the use of that material be controlled by his responsibility as a member of society? This is a difficult problem, and I have by no means come to the bottom of it yet. Perhaps I never will, but as a result of all the distress which I suffered at that time and which others may have suffered on account of me, I have done much thinking and arrived at certain conclusions.

My book was what is often referred to as an autobiographical novel. I protested against this term in a preface to the book upon the grounds that any serious work of creation is of necessity autobiographical and that few more autobiographical works than "Gulliver's Travels" have ever been written. I added that Dr. Johnson had remarked that a man might turn over half the volumes in his library to make a single book, and that in a similar way, a novelist might turn over half the characters in his native town to make a single figure for his novel. In spite of this the people in my native town were not persuaded or appeased, and the charge of autobiography was brought against me in many other places.

As I have said, my conviction is that all serious creative work must be at bottom autobiographical, and that a man must use the material and experience of his own life if he is to create anything that has substantial value. But I also believe now that the young writer is often led through inexperience to a use of the materials of life which are, perhaps, somewhat too naked and direct for the purpose of a work of art. The thing a young writer is likely to do is to confuse the limits between actuality and reality. He tends unconsciously to describe an event in such a way because it actually happened that way, and from an artistic point of view, I can now see that this is wrong. It is not, for example, important that one remembers a beautiful woman of easy virtue as having come from the state of Kentucky in the year 1907. She could perfectly well have come from Idaho or Texas or Nova Scotia. The important thing really is only to express as well as possible the character and quality of the beautiful woman of easy virtue. But the young writer, chained to fact and to his own inexperience, as yet unliberated by maturity, is likely to argue, "she must be described as coming from Kentucky because that is where she actually did come from."

In spite of this, it is impossible for a man who has the stuff of creation in him to make a literal transcription of his own experience. Everything in a work of art is changed and transfigured by the personality of the artist. And as far as my own first book is concerned, I can truthfully say that I do not believe that there is a single page of it that is true to fact. And from this circumstance, also, I learned another curious thing about writing. For although my book was not true to fact, it was true to the general experience of the town I came from and I hope, of course, to the general experience of all men living. The best way I can describe the situation is this: it was as if I were a sculptor who had found a certain kind of clay with which to model. Now a farmer who knew well the neighborhood from which this clay had come might pass by and find the sculptor at his work and say to him, "I know the farm from which you got that clay." But it would be unfair of him to say, "I know the figure, too." Now I think what happened in my native town is that having seen the clay, they became immediately convinced that they recognized the figure, too, and the results of this misconception were so painful and ludicrous that the telling of it is almost past belief.

It was my experience to be assured by people from my native town not only that they remembered incidents and characters in my first book, which may have had some basis in actuality, but also that they remembered incidents which so far as I know had no historical basis whatever. For example, there was one scene in the book in which a stonecutter is represented as selling to a notorious woman of the town a statue of a marble angel which he has treasured for many years. So far as I know, there was no basis in fact for this story, and yet I was informed by several

(*Continued on page* 16)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Finest Gifts in Books

These are the Books to Give—

☐ SILAS CROCKETT . .	*Mary Ellen Chase*	$2.50
☐ VICTORIOUS TROY . .	*John Masefield*	2.50
☐ FOUR HEDGES . . .	*Clare Leighton*	3.00
☐ KING JASPER	*Edwin A. Robinson*	2.00
☐ WHITE HAWTHORN . .	*Lucille P. Borden*	2.50
☐ TRIAL BALANCES edit. by .	*Ann Winslow*	2.00
☐ ROGER B. TANEY . .	*Carl Brent Swisher*	5.00
☐ COLLECTED PLAYS . .	*William Butler Yeats*	3.50
☐ SAMUEL PEPYS (Vol. II) .	*Arthur Bryant*	3.50
☐ ALBERT OF BELGIUM .	*Emile Cammaerts*	5.00
☐ WORLDS WITHOUT END	*H. Spencer Jones*	3.00
☐ William Lyon Phelps Year Book		2.50
☐ Early One Morning in the Spring	*Walter de la Mare*	5.00
☐ Government in Business . .	*Stuart Chase*	2.00
☐ Parade of the Animal Kingdom	*Robert Hegner*	5.00
☐ My Friend, Julia Lathrop . .	*Jane Addams*	2.00
☐ Life and Times of Beethoven .	*Edouard Herriot*	4.00
☐ The Private Journal of Henri Frederic Amiel		3.50

AND YOU CAN CLEAR YOUR WHOLE LIST
IN ONE TRIP TO YOUR LOCAL BOOKSELLER

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 FIFTH AVENUE N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Merry Christmas for ANYONE

Solve your most puzzling gift problems by selecting the book that surpasses all other handy-size dictionaries in scholarship, accuracy, and usefulness.

You can give it to a business or professional man, a student in college or school, a woman at home, and know that it is a most gratifying gift of lasting helpfulness.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

A Merriam-Webster

The largest of the Merriam-Webster abridgments. 1,268 pages; 1,700 illustrations; 106,000 entries with definitions, spelling, pronunciation, use.

Get the Best. At All Bookstores.

Thin-paper indexed: Cloth, $3.50; Fabrikoid, $5.00; Leather, $7.00; Pigskin, dark blue or natural, $8.50. Purchase of your bookseller or send order and remittance direct to the publishers.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
592 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

The Best Abridged Dictionary

READ LESS
KNOW MORE!

If you want to be a great deal more accurately and concretely informed than the average man, TRY FACT.

This unique weekly information and ready-reference service condenses the most significant facts and figures from 200 publications in 17 countries, 9 languages. More than 100 vital items each week, in form ideal for future reference. U. S. AFFAIRS, WORLD AFFAIRS, ECONOMIC TRENDS, SOCIAL TRENDS. Edited in the historical spirit, without bias. No "dramatization." Economical at $16 a year. Subscribers include hundreds of leading editors, financiers, investors, public men, writers, libraries, educators, executives—such as: B. M. Baruch, Herbert Hoover, John T. Flynn, Gen. Hugh Johnson, D. S. Freeman, Arthur Brisbane, Merle Thorpe, Condé Nast, Faith Baldwin, Sir William Wiseman, Geo. Soule, Francis P. Garvan, C. D. Dallas, H. V. Kaltenborn, Bishop F. G. Budlong, David Lawrence, Albert Einstein. . . . FACT is published by Greylock Corp., publishers also of CALENDAR OF FUTURE EVENTS and EDITORS' SERVICE. Gerhard Hirschfeld, Editor; O. D. Keep, Publisher.

If you act *now* you can have a TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to FACT—10 WEEKS FOR $2. We will refund your money if you are disappointed. Mail $2 CHECK OR BILLS TODAY.

FACT

342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.
(Please mention "Saturday Review")

Pooh Books!

- When We Were Very Young
- Winnie-The-Pooh
- House at Pooh Corner
- Now We Are Six

NOW ONLY $1 EACH

The Pennsylvania Dutch COOK BOOK of Fine Old Recipes

Unique Format—Quaint Illustrations — More Than 200 Delicious Recipes—Wherever Books Are Sold—Or Sent Postpaid, 15c.

15c

L. S. DAVIDOW, Publisher.
P. O. Box 250, Reading, Pa.

The Story of a Novel

(*Continued from page* 14)

people later that they not only remembered the incident perfectly, but had actually been witnesses to the transaction. Nor was this the end of the story. I heard that one of the newspapers sent a reporter and a photographer to the cemetery and a photograph was printed in the paper with a statement to the effect that the angel was the now famous angel which had stood upon the stonecutter's porch for so many years and had given the title to my book. The unfortunate part of this proceeding was that I had never seen or heard of this angel before, and that this angel was, in fact, erected over the grave of a well known Methodist lady who had died a few years before and that her indignant family had immediately written the paper to demand a retraction of its story, saying that their mother had been in no way connected with the infamous book or the infamous angel which had given the infamous book its name. Such, then, were some of the unforeseen difficulties with which I was confronted after the publication of my first book.

Month was passing into month, I had had a success. The way was opened to me. There was only one thing for me to do and that was work, and I was spending my time consuming myself with anger, grief, and useless passion about the reception the book had had in my native town, or wasting myself again in exuberant elation because of the critics and the readers' praise, or in anguish and bitterness because of their ridicule. For the first time, I realized the nature of one of the artist's greatest conflicts, and was faced with the need of meeting it. For the first time I saw not only that the artist must live and sweat and love and suffer and enjoy as other men, but that the artist must also work as other men and that furthermore, he must work even while these common events of life are going on. It seems a simple and banal assertion, but I learned it hardly, and in one of the worst moments of my life. There is no such thing as an artistic vacuum; there is no such thing as a time when the artist may work in a delightful atmosphere, free of agony that other men must know, or if the artist ever does find such a time, it is something not to be hoped for, something not to be sought for definitely.

At any rate, while my life and energy were absorbed in the emotional vortex which my first book had created, I was getting almost no work done on the second. And now I was faced with another fundamental problem which every young writer must meet squarely if he is to continue. How is a man to get his writing done? How long should he work at writing? and how often? What kind of method, if any, must he find in following his work? I suddenly found myself face to face with the grim necessity of constant, daily work. And as simple as this discovery may seem to everyone, I was not prepared for it. A young writer without a public does not feel the sense of necessity, the pressure of time, as does a writer who has been published and who must now begin to think of time schedules, publishing seasons, the completion of his next book. I realized suddenly with a sense of definite shock that I had let six months go by since the publication of my first book and that, save for a great many notes and fragments, I had done nothing. Meanwhile, the book continued to sell slowly but steadily, and in February, 1930, about five months after its publication, I found it possible to resign from the faculty of New York University and devote my full time to the preparation of a second book. That spring I was also fortunate enough to be awarded the Guggenheim Fellowship which would enable me to live and work abroad for a year. And accordingly at the beginning of May, I went abroad again.

This is the first of three autobiographical articles by Thomas Wolfe. In the second, to be published next week, Mr. Wolfe tells how he wrote "Of Time and the River."

Complexity and Depth

FLOWERING JUDAS AND OTHER STORIES. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $2.50.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is an interesting writer. Her style, with its hard finish, like dull lacquer or wood rubbed smooth, is beautiful and individual and her material is chosen with care for its rarity, its drama, or its exoticism. Her stories, very simply told, leave behind them an impression of complexity and depth,—of beauty as well, although they are largely concerned with hard, cruel facts.

Of all the stories in the volume, "Maria Concepcion" is perhaps the most complete and satisfying. It is almost the only one that does not end on an unresolved chord, leaving the reader faintly baffled as in the strange and fascinating "Flowering Judas." Miss Porter's talent has considerable range. She can touch the human depths of "He" and "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall," give us the visual beauty of the Mexican stories, and always, with an ear for cadence and turn of phrase, write admirable dialogue.

"The Cracked Looking-Glass," with "Theft," "That Tree" and "Hacienda," are new stories added to the collection of which this volume is a reprint. They have less form than the earlier stories, and are rather more experimental. "Hacienda," for all its clever characterizations, seems the least successful. In method it is vaguely suggestive of Chekov, but it conveys nothing of the sense that Chekov gives one of a mysterious initiation into the meaning of life, and remains a patchwork of unrelated bits of humanity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFTS FOR EVERY TASTE

EUROPA

by **Robert Briffault**

"No civilized man can afford to miss 'Europa.'"
Los Angeles Times

A National Best Seller. Eleventh Large Printing $2.75

From Death to Morning • Stories by Thomas Wolfe

No other can match them . . . they show the most striking "literary personality of our day."
New York Times. $2.50

OF TIME AND THE RIVER by THOMAS WOLFE, a great American novel. Eighth Large Printing. $3.00

The Garden Murder Case *The New Philo Vance Detective Story*

by **S. S. Van Dine**

The peak of entertainment for the man or woman who likes the best in mystery yarns. "A delight." CAROLYN WELLS. $2.00

A Modern Comedy

The White Monkey; The Silver Spoon; Swan Song

by **John Galsworthy**

Three famous novels—the final Forsyte trilogy—in a handsome new format. An ideal gift. $3.00

THE FORSYTE SAGA; END OF THE CHAPTER; A MODERN COMEDY
nine great novels, three beautiful books, boxed for giving $9.00

So Red the Rose

(Dollar Edition)

by **Stark Young**

A great book at a new low price, text unchanged. A Christmas remembrance of lasting value.
Third Big Printing. $1.00

A Thing of Nought

by **Hilda Vaughan**

A little book for the discriminating reader—a bitter-sweet and beautifully written romance of picturesque Wales. *With many drawings.* $1.25

Enthrallingly recaptures the days of the Golden Decade

The Twenties

Our Times • Vol. VI

by **Mark Sullivan**

"Amusingly written, brightly illustrated, full of entertainment to readers who wish to recall the events of yesterday. . . . A delightful book everywhere."—ALLAN NEVINS in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* 200 illustrations. $3.75

OUR TIMES, a full and fascinating history of American life from 1900 to 1925, complete in six profusely illustrated volumes, boxed for Christmas giving, $22.50

Mark Hopkins

A Biography by

J. H. Denison

A vivid and inspiring portrait of a great American scholar, educator and leader.
Illustrated. $3.00

Adventures of General Marbot

edited and illustrated by

Maj. J. W. Thomason

"A grand book" about Napoleon's cavalry "for those who like action spread on thick."
100 drawings. $3.00

The Spanish Main

by **Philip A. Means**

Explorers, pirates, gold-hunters, "fascinating chapters on El Dorado" (*N. Y. Times*), in a complete, authoritative, eventful novel. *With maps.* $3.00

For Younger Readers

Young Cowboy

by **Will James**

Small folks will enjoy every word and drawing in this tale of a boy and his "little horse." $1.50

Piper's Pony

by **Paul Brown**

The hilarious adventures of a shaggy Shetland, with pictures on every page. $2.00

People from Dickens

arranged by **Rachel Field**

All the famous characters, with many illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. $2.50

Green Hills of Africa

by **Ernest Hemingway**

"Few books have ever brought African scenery so vividly to life. . . . Lovers of hunting should revel in the flashing scenes."
News Week

With decorations by Edward Shenton $2.75

R. E. Lee: *A Biography*

by **Douglas Southall Freeman**

The gift that reflects the good taste of the giver—a volume (or the complete set) of the PULITZER PRIZE WINNER in biography.

The four-volume set, $15.00. Per Volume, profusely illustrated, $3.75

at all bookstores

Home Ranch

by **Will James**

A novel of Western life as it really is today. Amusing, exciting, realistic, and filled with lively drawings. $2.75

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I AM heartily glad to see that *Harriet Monroe's "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse"* now has three distinguished professors of English of the University of Chicago on its advisory staff, *Robert Morss Lovett, Percy H. Boynton,* and *Thornton Wilder.* Through the University the magazine has received renewed support from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. This, in addition to the contributions from guarantors, will insure its publication for the next three years. . . . The recent performances of the Russian Ballet, now on tour here in America, have aroused renewed interest in this art. Putnam is just publishing an important book by a genuine balletoman, *Lincoln Kirstein,* entitled "Dance"; and I also may suggest to you the following, if you are ballet-crazy. First, Simon and Schuster, who published the fascinating life of *Nijinsky,* present two of *Arnold L. Haskell's* books, "Diaghileff: His Artistic and Private Life," in collaboration with *Walter Nouvel*—thirty-nine illustrations in photogravure—and "Balletomania." Both books are in their second printing. The great *Karsavina* once said of Mr. Haskell that so great was his enthusiasm that she believed he could organize a ballet even in the Bank of England! Also, do not overlook "To the Ballet!" an introduction to the liveliest of arts by *Irving Deakin,* with a foreword by *John Van Druten,* published by the Dodge Publishing Company of 116 East 16th Street. . . . A very pleasant man, *James Hilton,* author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," recently met at *Charley Duell's* party for him on behalf of William Morrow & Company! . . . Those who think the Russians are amateurs at engineering should take a look at *M. Ilin's* "Men and Mountains," which gives a fascinating picture of the stupendous work being carried on in the U. S. S. R. Ilin is not merely an enthusiast concerning what mankind can do with nature, but has a penetrating understanding of scientific facts. The book is published by Lippincott in Philadelphia. . . .

Ruth Eleanor McKee, whose "After a Hundred Years" recently followed her "The Lord's Anointed," is leaving the Library of Hawaii and plans to live in San Francisco and devote her time to writing. . . . *Albert Richard Wetjen* sailed from San Francisco recently for Hawaii, Australia, and New Zealand. He says he's through authoring books—there's not enough in it. He'll stick to short stories.

Harper & Brothers have acquired the medical book publishing business of *Paul B. Hoeber,* Inc. A program of expansion is planned, and medical books will be published under the imprint of Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., Medical Book Department of Harper & Brothers. Mr. Paul B. Hoeber remains in charge of this department. . . . The Book Union's December choice is *Fielding Burke's* novel, "A Stone Came Rolling," a story of North Carolina mill workers and dirt farmers. Her first novel was "Call Home the Heart," also laid in the North Carolina mountains and milltowns. . . . Two Doubleday, Doran authors, *Margaret Kennedy* and *Kate O'Brien,* have been elected respectively president and vice-president of the Femina Vie Heureuse Committee. . . . *A. P. Herbert,* the English humorist, has been elected a member of Parliament from Oxford University. . . . The Argus Book Shop has just got out another of its "Along the North Wall" catalogues, the cleverest stunt in old and rare book catalogues I have ever seen. . . . The first part of *Julian Green's* new novel is now being translated. The book is almost completed. . . . If you want to do a good deed for literature during the Christmas season send something care of me to a fund being raised for a fine young woman poet who sometime ago met with a terrible accident and has been helpless in hospital ever since. I have never before requested funds for this case. Anything sent me will promptly be forwarded direct to her.

The record of a great success

Before publication (August 15)	*1st printing*	25,000
August 15	*2nd printing*	20,000
August 21	*3rd printing*	15,000
September 9	*4th printing*	20,000
October 4	*5th printing*	20,000
November 7	*6th printing*	20,000
November 26	*7th printing*	25,000
December 3	*8th printing*	20,000
		165,000

Anne Morrow

Lindbergh's

NORTH *to the* ORIENT

At all bookstores $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 89)

CHARLES DICKENS—"THE HAUNTED MAN"

It was a very moloch of a baby—yet Johnny was quite content . . . to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

POE'S TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Lippincott. 1935. $5.

This is a sumptuous edition of Poe's tales illustrated in the well-known Rackham manner which, despite its decorative merits, seems only occasionally in key with the Poe imagination. The Rackham imagination is strong enough to create an atmosphere of its own; but it is not exactly the Poe atmosphere, weird as it may be. One feels, too, that certain mannerisms have grown exaggeratedly on Rackham. But when one looks at the clear and simple black and white of a Venice canal to illustrate "The Assignation," or opposite page 112 upon the traveller's vision of the House of Usher in its blank tarn, one is willing to allow criticism to languish.

W. R. B.

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE. By Barry Benefield. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $2.50.

For all the simplicity of its telling, this is a book that makes demands upon the reader. It demands an emotional response—a lump in the throat, eyes filling with tears—it asks us to share in its sense of the fundamental goodness of everybody and more especially in the valiance of Carrie. Someone who could be moved by the book would have every reason to be enthusiastic about it, for it it one of those stories that has a life of its own, and it has characters that exist as roundly and warmly as do figures in a novel of the last century. Mr. Benefield has aimed squarely at the cockles of our hearts.

If the reader is untouched and aloof as he reads, if he resists the sentimental appeal, the book loses a great deal of its significance, but remains a very beautifully made, a very charming story. Carrie is one of those characters who command their creator's complete belief and devotion. As she tells about her life she appears an astonishingly alive and vital creature, courageous and shrewd in her understanding of life, and as incurable an optimist as Mr. Benefield himself, who can discover a heart of gold in the most unpromising human specimens,—and thereby spoil his most promisingly villainous characters.

C. C.

Philosophy

COLLECTED ESSAYS. By F. H. Bradley. Oxford University Press. 1935. *2 volumes.* $12.

The general reading public know Bradley, if at all, only from a few passages that have been published in the anthologies of prose, or perhaps from some squib of verse at his expense, such as

> I am Francis Herbert Bradley,
> When my liver acts up badly
> I take refuge from the brute
> In the blessed Absolute.

But in sheer intellectual power Bradley was perhaps the greatest English philosopher of the nineteenth century. Bradley had all the intellectual qualities of the great mystics, except the one supreme experience of the mystic vision itself.

There was in him the same mercilessly skeptical use of the intellect to discredit all the products of the intellect, and the same confidence in the existence of a truth beyond all truths, which made all our truths into partial falsehoods. But he could not like the mystics say, "That Truth have I seen." He could only affirm, "It must be, and therefore I feel pretty sure that it is." He tells us his mind could never follow a really abstract argument, yet his own writings are all argument, clinching point after point with a finality that admits no reply. And at times a sardonic humor breaks through, as he scornfully rebukes a would-be critic with an annihilating phrase.

These "Collected Essays," beautifully printed by the Oxford Press, are the careful garnering of all his writings that have not previously been published in book form. And it is well that nothing should be lost on which so individual a mind has set its stamp. Even the unphilosophical reader will enjoy some of the shorter pieces reprinted, for their unexpected insights and sinewy vigor. But except in his little book of "Aphorisms," or occasional passages, Bradley, here or elsewhere, is not for the ordinary reader.

H. T. C.

"Best of all her Books"

EDNA HIS WIFE

Margaret Ayer Barnes

"LONG, rich, detailed . . . the **best of her books** . . . One hundred thousand novel readers will like it."—New York Times.

"THE **best novel** Mrs. Barnes has written . . It will electrify a large part of the reading public." —— Chicago Tribune.

"BLOOD-KIN in every corpuscle to her Pulitzer Prize novel, 'Years of Grace.' But 'Edna' is **the better novel** of the two."—Cleveland Press.

"AN **unforgetable** biography of an American girl that women, the world around, will understand and enjoy." — San Diego Sun.

"THE **best book** Margaret Ayer Barnes has written . . . A good solid story of well-rounded characters in a wholly believable world." — Chicago News.

$2.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By John Buchan. *Coward-McCann.*

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN DREW. By Christopher Ward. *Simon & Schuster.*

LAUGHING BOY. By Oliver La Farge. *Houghton Mifflin.*

A Christmas Story

E. A. J. of Las Gatos, Calif., *asks for some Christmas story which would be suitable to read aloud to a club for their Christmas program. "We have," she says, "had talks on the origins of Christmas, the Dickens stories,* THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL, *etc., and would like something different."*

IF it's something different they are looking for, I can think of nothing that would be more entertaining than one of the skits from Max Beerbohm's A CHRISTMAS GARLAND (Dutton). Let the unacquainted be warned! Here is no glowing portrayal of Yuletide festivity or sentimental yarn of the season, but a series of enormously clever and highly amusing take-offs on the manner of noted authors presented in the form of Christmas stories. There are tales in the style of Henry James, Kipling, Bennett, Maurice Hewlett, and others, all of them written with the coruscating wit which makes Beerbohm so delightful. If the club, however, wants something of another sort, which time has also tested and which never fails to win its tribute from its readers, it might take Bret Harte's touching "How Santa Claus came to Simpson Bar," which Houghton Mifflin publishes in a paper-bound booklet for twenty-five cents.

A Detective and Other Matters

E. S. H. of Lansing, Mich., *asks a tripartite question. She wants, first, the titles, author, and publisher of the books in which a spinster by the name of Hildegarde Withers, who is an amateur detective, appears; next she inquires as to the name of "a lost and dearly loved book of fairy tales by E. Nesbit which contained a story about Mathilda and a white cockatoo," and, third, she wishes the name and publisher of an encyclopedia in one or two volumes, under ten dollars in price, which would be worth buying for adults.*

There's nothing like having "fans" near at hand when puzzling questions arise. I've swallowed uncounted scores of detective tales in my time, but I've never happened to read any of Stuart Palmer's. Mr. George Stevens rose nobly to the occasion at the mention of Hildegarde Withers's name with the fact that she made her appearance in MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD, MURDER ON WHEELS, PENGUIN POOL MURDER (all three Coward-McCann), THE PUZZLE OF THE PEPPER TREE, and THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN (Doubleday, Doran). As to the E. Nesbit story, I had never a doubt I could trace it to its source with Mr. Earle Walbridge across the street at the Harvard Club always generous with his assistance and certain to be able to locate any E. Nesbit item on demand. Sure enough, the answer came back over the telephone without a second's hesitation when I inquired as to the abiding place of Mathilda and her cockatoo that they were to be found leading off the collection of stories entitled NINE UNLIKELY TALES (London: Benn). The only part of E. S. H.'s inquiry I seem to be answering on my own responsibility is that in regard to an encyclopedia. There are several which come within the price set by E. S. H. among the best of which are THE WORLD WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA (Blue Ribbon Books: 2 vols., $5.98), edited by C. Ralph Taylor and Carl Van Doren, based on NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPEDIA from which it has been abridged, Americanized, and revised to 1935, and THE MODERN ENCYCLOPEDIA (Wise: $1.98), also recently revised. Though it considerably exceeds in price the amount quoted by E. S. H. I cannot refrain from mentioning the new COLUMBIA CYCLOPEDIA (Columbia University Press: $17.50), compiled and edited at Columbia University, a most useful "manual of first-aid."

Match Tricks

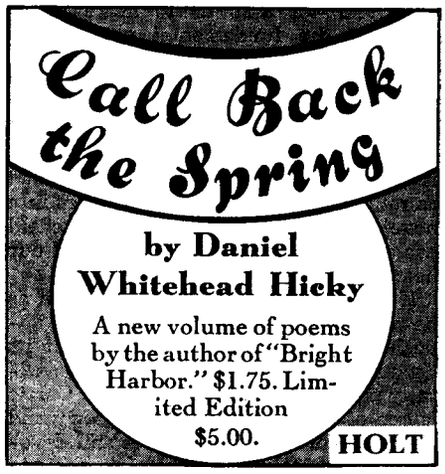
H. J. J. of New York City *wants a book that will contain match tricks, "the kind played at a bar between drinks or at home on the floor."*

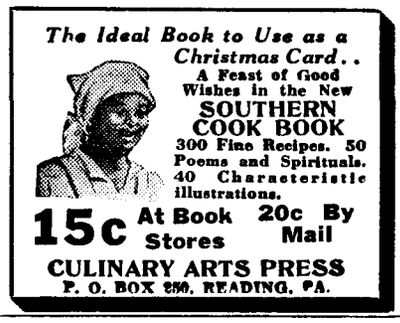
Books on such "tomfoolery," as H. J. J. designates it, which ought to provide the kind of thing he wants if not the precise puzzle of which he draws a design in his letter, are Bernard Stanley's PARTY GAMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS (Lippincott) and Theresa H. Wolcott's BOOK OF GAMES AND PARTIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS (Dodd, Mead).

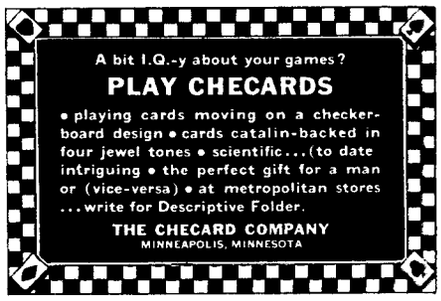
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THIRTEENTH CHIME *T. C. H. Jacobs* (Macaulay: $2.)	Escaped convict and pals murder, rob, and abduct until Scotland Yard and mysterious M.D. nail the killers.	No great shakes as a mystery but excellent Wallace - *cum* - Oppenheim dish for the thrill-seeker.	Absorbing
THE TICKING TERROR MURDERS *D. L. Teilhet* (Crime Club: $2)	Hollywood holocaust quenched by Baron von Kaz, ex-Vienna *polizei* and his tricky green *regenschirm.*	Fantastically satisfactory mixture of confused killings, hilarious encounters, and whirlwind action.	Aces
ABOUT THE MURDER OF A STARTLED LADY *Anthony Abbot* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Spirit medium tips off Thatcher Colt to presence of girl's skeleton in Long Island waters.	Problem so ingenious that even the author can't solve it according to Doyle.	Disappointing
MURDER WITH PICTURES *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Boston mouthpiece shot after party celebrating client's acquittal; ace cameraman spots killer.	It's all done with flashbacks, not helped by tepid love interest or pseudo-Hammett style.	Feeble


Call Back the Spring
by Daniel Whitehead Hicky
A new volume of poems by the author of "Bright Harbor." $1.75. Limited Edition $5.00.
HOLT


The Ideal Book to Use as a Christmas Card..
A Feast of Good Wishes in the New
SOUTHERN COOK BOOK
300 Fine Recipes. 50 Poems and Spirituals. 40 Characteristic illustrations.
15c At Book Stores 20c By Mail
CULINARY ARTS PRESS
P. O. BOX 250, READING, PA.


A bit I.Q.-y about your games?
PLAY CHECARDS
• playing cards moving on a checkerboard design • cards catalin-backed in four jewel tones • scientific...(to date intriguing • the perfect gift for a man or (vice-versa) • at metropolitan stores ...write for Descriptive Folder.
THE CHECARD COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

A Six Months' Grist

HAWTHORNE: THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. *Illustrated by Valenti Angelo, printed by Edmund B. Thompson.*

O. HENRY: THE VOICE OF THE CITY, *A Selection. Illustrated by George Grosz, printed by Robert Jo.*

MELVILLE: TYPEE. *Illustrated by Covarrubias, printed by The Harbor Press.*

STERNE: THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. *Illustrated and designed by T. M. Cleland, printed by A. Colish.*

JOYCE: ULYSSES. *Illustrated by Matisse, printed by The Limited Editions Club.*

PARTLY from lack of space, partly deliberately, I have put off reviewing the recent issues of The Limited Editions Club until I have before me a group of publications. Such a group affords an opportunity to evaluate the books by comparison with one another and as a whole.

To choose among these books the one which seems best from every point of view is not easy, for variety of treatment and inherent interest are considerable; but there are considerations of taste which make selection perhaps not entirely impossible, despite personal preferences. For one thing, a large book is, as has been said, a "big nuisance." For another, in the matter of pictures the excursions into experimentation which go well enough with ephemeral printing are seldom happy in book production. With these two assumptions in mind, we can take two of the above titles and say that they are satisfactory as books and as illustrated books. Mr. Cleland's "Tristram Shandy" is a finished piece of work, sober in typography, convenient to handle, and very easy to read; while his decorations, in line, with wash backgrounds to bring out the high lights, are charming little drawings which do illustrate the text and please the eye. The paper is a little too white and a little too thick to catch the feeling of the eighteenth century, but there is something of the serenity of the printing of that time about the volumes.

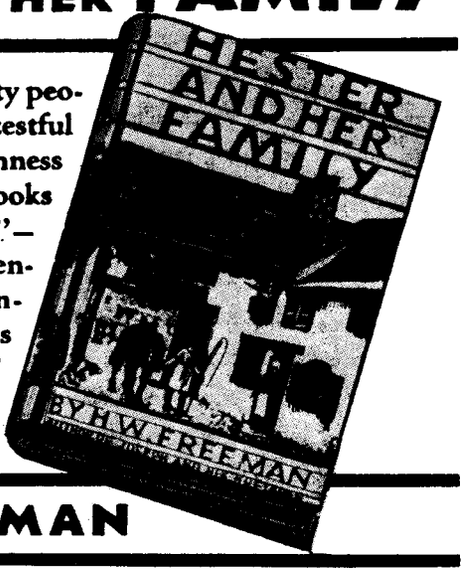
The other book which ranks with Mr. Cleland's as a highly satisfactory piece of book making is "Typee." It is a book comfortable to handle and easy to read, and if there are some typographic eccentricities, they may be excused because of Covarrubias's pictures. I haven't sufficient acquaintance with the South Seas to say whether they are authentic, but they give a very pleasant suggestion of what one imagines the South Sea Islands are like. The binding is in tapa cloth from Bali (with the necessary stamping on the spine done in brown and yellow) giving an unusually quiet and handsome effect. The book has much distinction.

Of the pictures in "The Voice of the City" and in "The House of the Seven Gables" I cannot say much. Mr. Grosz's pictures for the O. Henry book seem to me absurd and maudlin, with an unpleasant grotesque quality. Mr. Angelo's decorations for the Hawthorne book, interesting as they are in their technique, do not quite convince. They are well placed on the rather sparkling pages of type—and here again we have an excellent library edition of an American classic—which might have been better with running heads to the pages. "The Voice of the City" is clearly printed in large type—but in size, flat back, full trimmed edges, thickness of paper, and illustrations, it is a disagreeable piece of bookmaking.

"Ulysses," the latest of these volumes, as the most ambitious volume in the list will undoubtedly receive the most attention, but I must agree with a discriminating friend who calls it a bad book. For while to the *cognoscenti*—especially the young ones—Joyce's farrago is literature (though a profane scripture needing exegesis), to me it is hog-wash; and Matisse's drawings, before which the all-knowing bow in admiration, are but evidence that he "does not have to think, he lets his fingers chase his pen and his pen chase the ink." Sufficient unto the day is the text—here presented without fear of censor in a large, two-column page, with occasional typographic symbolism: what will establish this edition is the illustrations. There are six etchings, preceded by twenty sketches from which the etchings evolved. The preliminary studies are printed on various colors of paper, an ingenious and unusual arrangement which would be more interesting if Matisse had ever got anywhere with his experimenting! But lovers of Matisse will go crazy over them. Having freed my mind over Joyce and Matisse, it remains to be said that Mr. Macy has given almost definitive form to "Ulysses." It is a long work, hence the large format is acceptable, and the etchings, furthermore, called for a large page. The binding is handsome, in cloth, with symbolic stamping in gold and blind on spine and front cover. Altogether an impressive piece of bookmaking.

You'll Enjoy Meeting

HESTER AND HER FAMILY



A memorable group of hearty people who made life a gay, zestful adventure. "Its genuine richness makes this one of the best books Mr. Freeman has written."—*Herschel Brickell.* "Has the sensuous vigor which distinguished Mr. Freeman's 'Joseph and His Brethren'."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
2nd printing. $2.50.

by H. W. FREEMAN

HENRY HOLT

COMING NEXT TUESDAY

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY
1914-1917
By CHARLES SEYMOUR

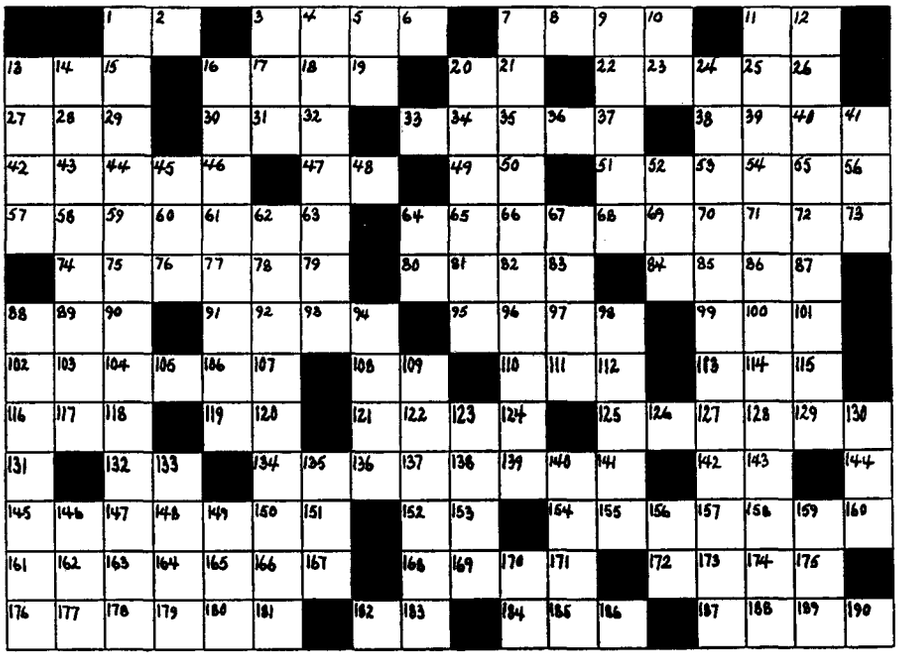
Was the United States dragged into the World War by hidden, sinister forces? Mr. Seymour, analyzing the original documentary sources, presents a conclusive and profound rebuttal to prevailing opinion. From his study of the complex problems of neutrality, he exposes the futility of isolationist "peace legislation." $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 90

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Annual meteorite showers.

II. Alphabetic; rudimentary.

III. Teutonic god.

IV. Empty bluster.

V. Impartiality, fairness.

VI. Iniquitous.

VII. 18 inches.

VIII. Musical exercise.

IX. Author of "Old Town Folks."

X. First name of author of "A Backward Glance."

XI. Undue self-elation.

XII. A significant appellation.

XIII. Stylish (slang).

XIV. Light raillery.

XV. Metal.

XVI. Not intellectual (colloq.).

XVII. Late Russian statesman.

XVIII. Opponents (colloq.).

XIX. French sculptor (1840-1917).

XX. Arabian Nights adventurer (var. sp.).

XXI. Emerson's absolute (comp.).

XXII. A fine, penalty.

XXIII. American poet (1807-1892).

XXIV. Its capital is Bagdad.

XXV. Author of "Vailima Letters."

XXVI. God of vegetation (Greek).

XXVII. In debt to.

XXVIII. Son of Somnus (Gr. myth).

WORDS

168 32 21 183 61 90 70

88 108 97 40 120 19 178 112 71 174 115

114 145 125 55 9

15 99 46 110 5 132 94 30 127 76 180

92 53 86 33 10 167

89 186 153 36 74 182 135 54 156

117 111 11 149 106

17 118 104 175 35

2 148 48 121 18

6 190 139 20 185

96 43 128 189 79 138 13 91 109

173 85 93 166 83 177 3

73 23 143 82 12

157 171 126 67 58 133 164 49 63 122

165 87 59 16

176 150 7 162 101 103 80

37 130 78 169 50

116 39 140 163 181

29 142 102 81 129

160 75 151 172 105 1 131

28 179 124 98 84 152 51 146

27 72 154 22 45 38 57

119 25 161 47 184 147 68 136

77 123 137 170

66 26 8 144 42 62 56 95 159

34 188 158 52 141 44 14 69

65 187 4 60 24

134 113 41 64 31 155 100 107

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

BE bold, be bold . . . but not too bold; among new books buy something old. ☞Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, and Blake, perfect Christmas presents make. ☞Donne, Walt Whitman, Lamb, Montaigne, these will help to keep you sane. ☞And the sun will ne'er go down, on those who read Sir Thomas Browne. ☞For a dish that's spiced and mincy, try A. France or T. De Quincey. ☞Then catch up, a little later, with Melville, Coleridge, and Pater. ☞Beerbohm, Conrad, Conan Doyle, are goods that Time is loth to spoil. ☞O. Henry, Kipling, Oliver Holmes, give you amperes and not ohms. ☞Yea, hosanna, these and others, gave their sisters and their brothers, Words of life . . . so while you're at it you'd Better think a Xmas gratitude.

☞We always like the cable address of Frank Hollings, bookseller at 7 Great Turnstile, London ("Opuscule") and there's still time to cable him for a comic Xmas present, Charles Dickens's smoking cap (with silk tassel) offered at 3 guineas. ☞By compressing sawdust under a force of 165,000 pounds a synthetic fuel can be made that burns better than real logs. ☞By compressing literary sawdust in drums of high-power publicity a kind of book can be manufactured that sells much better than literature. ☞Ask the boblisher for details. ☞The two most distressing bricks of the season were dropped by Doubleday Doran. One, on the jacket of Dr. F. R. Moulton's notable book on astronomy, *Consider the Heavens.* The distinguished author was referred to as professor of "astrology." The other, on the jacket of the dramatic version of *Pride and Prejudice;* the blurb-writer announcing that "Victorian England is here mirrored . . ."

☞An excellent inexpensive gift for young bibliophiles, A. Edward Newton's *Amenities of Book Collecting* in the Modern Library (95 cents). The Caliph Newton has written an exuberant (or perhaps casein) preface for this new edition in which he makes a remark which, if followed, would change the lives of many booksellers: *Never buy a book you cannot pay for promptly.* ☞The horrors of Instalment Paying and Long Term Credit are magnificently expounded in *If I Have Four Apples* by Josephine Lawrence, which will appear January 1st and give midwinter croup to a lot of Sales Promotion Engineers and Acceptance Corporations. ☞Old Q's intellectual pendulum, after swinging to and fro for many years, has come approximately to rest, at the point on the scale called Affectionate Cynicism. ☞Neither sudden simooms of fashionable or racial acclaim for This book or That, nor attempts to bell some big wether for political purposes are going to move him from his Horatian dubiety. ☞Many happy returns, incidentally, to Q. H. F., whose 2000th (or thereabouts) birthday has just been marked, mostly by not reading him.

☞W. W. Norton is justifiably pleased that he had to order a 3rd printing of *The History of American Sailing Ships* to assure copies throughout the country for Xmas. ☞The best speech made lately was by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach at the Phi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lobiblon Club of Philadelphia, on *Letters That We Ought to Burn.* ☞Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston celebrates his 250th catalogue by writing a reminiscent foreword. He says that in 1898, out of a job, he went to Ike Mendoza on Ann Street, New York, and asked Ike's advice about entering the 2ndhand book business. ☞Ike said: "I never knew but one man who failed in it and that was —— who played the races."

☞Q. is very pleased with the Christmas issue of Scribner's little monthly magazine (gratis on request) *The Bookbuyer.* It contains some lively testimonies by various hands, inter alia S. S. Van Dine, Douglas Freeman, Mark Sullivan, Thomas Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe, speaking of *What a Writer Reads,* delights us by mentioning John Donne and Gibbon, and adds: "I cannot fail to mention books which are full of interesting facts and figures, particularly 'The World Almanac,' which with its wonderful, hard, and certain figures . . . often give my mind a kind of rest and comfort that no other volume on the shelves could give."

☞Julia Collier Harris has written an introduction for a new edition of selected *Tales from Uncle Remus* (only $1). ☞Speaking of Uncle Remus, the S. R. L. was particularly pleased when a red-cap came up from Penn Station to get 50 copies of last week's Review, wanted by Mr. Flatow of the P. R. R. on account of a piece about the Broadway Limited.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

RARE FIRSTS for small income speculation. Catalogue explanation. Fred R. Jones, Oceanside, Long Island.

RARE AMERICAN BOOKS, a check list of American First Editions, valued from $50.00 to $25,000.00. Price $1.00. Cambridge Book Company, 277 Broadway, New York.

USED TEXTBOOKS AND REFERENCE BOOKS at discounts up to 50%. Also new. Dictionaries, Review books, Law, Medical books. Over a million books in stock for all Colleges and Schools. Send for Catalog 40-S. BARNES & NOBLE, INC., Founded 1874, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

NEW CATALOGUES. No. 4, Modern First Editions; and No. 5, Autographs and Press Books. TECOLOTE BOOK SHOP De La Guerra Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.

FOREIGN

COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS: all sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15c to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

FOR WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS—I read and criticize stories, articles, verse and books; "style" fiction and non-fiction for publication; edit, revise and read proof; do research, and collaborate; in fact, everything except marketing. CONSTANCE NAAR, 124 East 81st Street, New York City. Tel. BU-8-2076.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in supplying out-of-print and rare books. Also new books. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, City.

IMPORTANT NEWS to Book Buyers. If it is possible to find the book you want, I can find it. Copelin R. Day, Summit, N. J.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology, Philosophy, psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

A NEW interest for those isolated in uncongenial surroundings. Box 670, Seattle, Washington. Enclose postage.

YOUNG LADY—professional—New Yorker—35—Jewish—Interested in literature and music. Would like to hear from gentleman of similar tastes. Box 907-A.

JUNO, old-fashioned inside, streamlined exterior, clinging vine complex (who, nevertheless, always has had to check the trunks and make the reservations) would enjoy knowing cultured, refined, college man 40-50, who has a sense of humor, likes gardening, biscuits, Mark Twain and "school marms." Single, please. Box 908-A.

CALIFORNIAN: young man invites gay, amusing and intelligent correspondence. Box 909-A.

MAN wants a lady to write him. Box 910-A.

NEW YORK GIRL in early twenties, seeks companionship of interesting person near same age. Box 911-A.

DOES BOOKSHOP MAN returned from trip last spring wish to give address again to girl he called courageous, challenging? Box 912-A.

GENTLEWOMAN, with seasoned domestic, occupying own well-appointed home in Bronxville, offers room with private bath, garage, breakfast (or board) to gentleman with credentials; gentleman forty or over preferred. Terms moderate. Box 913-A.

LETTER-WRITER: Need entertainment, sympathy, advice, gossipy bulletins, help with correspondence? Hungry author will write personal letters, 50c full typed page. Box 916-A.

PERSONALS

A YOUNG MAN, 29, cultured, energetic, desires to become a pilot. In return for instruction and practice, is willing to give his services for any kind of experimentation in field of aviation. Won't some one please give me a start? Box 915-A.

PETER seeks the Fascinating Tyrant in Philadelphia. Box 914-A.

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE in New York, among our fine American families of means, willing to back a splendid American Comedy play that will mean success and prestige to both. Box 917-A.

A "HOME CHRISTMAS," open fires, seclusion for the foot-loose creator at Smith's Tavern, Intervale, New Hampshire. Mountains offer inspiration and strength. Terms inviting.

SCHOOL TEACHERS seeking summer relaxation. Broadminded educator will consider opening summer camp. Ocean bathing, fishing, crabbing, boating, etc. Let us get acquainted. Box 919-A.

CULTURED, REFINED, educated woman, alone, worthy, high references, is seeking position as companion to lady of means, alone, one capable of bringing a little sunshine into a life that through no fault of their own has been very hard. Any assistance of legitimate nature appreciated. Box 920-A.

NEAR CHICAGO: Wanted, tutor for interesting boy, eight. Typing services also required. Part time. Non-resident. Write Donald Culross Peattie, Glenview, Illinois.

HAND HOOKED RUGS with your family Coat of Arms. Reasonable. Write Penelope, the Weaver, c/o Saturday Review.

FRENCH. Practice with Parisian graduate young lady; beginners, advanced; reasonable. SChuyler 4-2298.

EDWARD DeVERE, EARLE of OXFORDE, lived for ten years prior to his marriage in the home of his guardian William Cecil, whose gardens at Cecil House and Theobalds were supervised by John Gerard, author of "Herbal." There is no proof that Shaxper, of Stratford, ever put foot into a garden. "Shakespeare's Imagery" is interesting and informative, showing clearly that the Poet was a gentleman and scholar. No Paediculus can prove that the Stratford man was a gentleman and scholar. George Frisbee.

RIGHT PERSON will buy our house on sight. English, granite, owner built, fine architect, modern. Three bedrooms and baths. Open beams throughout. Fireplace, terraces, secluded. Two acres woodland, gardens. Upkeep and service small. Vicinity Montclair. Forty mile view. Write for invitation to visit us. Weelstone, Great Notch, N. J.

TO SUBLET—for holidays (Dec. 21—Jan. 5); quiet, attractive, one-room apartment, midtown Eastside. References. WI 2-8709 or Box 921-A.

NOT REPULSIVELY BRIGHT young Dartmouth graduate, but entirely too well educated, desires position as secretary, companion, or what have you to not very difficult literary person. Has had experience with very difficult red-haired literary person. Elaborate references if you care for that sort of thing. Box 922-A.

VAN DE VELDE'S "IDEAL MARRIAGE." Never used. $4. Box 923-A.

CONGENIAL but unemployed university graduate and teacher seeks salaried position with future. Box 924-A.

WOULD SOME forty-year-old Protestant New Yorker (without hostages to fortune), who can wax lyrical about "Winterset" and "Pride and Prejudice." Beethoven, sand dunes and beach fires, economic reform, etc., let me ride pillion on his hobby-horse occasionally, if I pay my share of the hay and oats? Diana. Box 925-A.

AM SOUTHERN, twenty-nine, congenial, sentimental; want place as companion and driver, preferably with someone going to Florida. Box 926-A.

YOUNG WOMAN—Will go Florida as companion, housekeeper. Loves books, music, travel, dogs and nice people. Drives car expertly, and is one grand cook. Box 927-A.

CAPABLE, TALENTED Bostonian, 24, would exchange his services for foreign travel. MIT graduate. Speaks French, German. Latest model. Sent on appproval. Box 928-A.

ORIGINAL LEAVES from the Psalter of the Pilgrim Fathers 1594. Attractive four-page folder suitable for Christmas Cards and for the collector. $1.50 each. Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a Real Booklover's Christmas We Suggest—

THE Romantic Rebels

Byron • Keats • Shelley

By FRANCES WINWAR

"Miss Winwar has the faculty of writing biography in a way that makes it, to me, much more absorbing than most fiction... I can confidently recommend this book."—*William Rose Benet in Saturday Review of Literature.* 2nd printing. Illustrated. An Atlantic Book. $3.75

The Stars Look Down

By A. J. CRONIN

"A powerful novel... deeply and disturbingly human."—*Sterling North, Chicago Daily News.* "Memorable fiction."—*Scribner's.* "Extremely rich... wonderful scenes."—*Clifton Fadiman, The New Yorker.* "Into this vast novel Cronin has poured enough power, anger, pity, humor and color to fill half a dozen ordinary fictions."—*Christopher Morley.* 40th thousand $2.50

CAPE COD YESTERDAYS

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

With 43 illustrations (17 in full color) by HAROLD BRETT

"A grand book from cover to cover."—*John Clair Minot in Boston Herald.* 2nd large printing. $4.00

ILLYRIAN SPRING

By ANN BRIDGE

"A vivacious and thoroughly entertaining novel that is also a penetrating and wise one."—*The Atlantic Monthly.* 9th printing. An Atlantic Book. $2.50

OUR U. S. A.

A Gay Geography

By FRANK J. TAYLOR and RUTH TAYLOR

"Recommend it for the alleviation of regular geography at school and for lasting entertainment at home."—*New York Herald Tribune "Books."* 56 picture maps in 8 colors. $3.50

The Cat In Verse

By CAROLYN WELLS and LOUELLA D. EVERETT

Everyone who has owned a cat or a kitten will hail with delight this collection of 157 poems, old and new, the best ever written about cats. $2.00

Rats, Lice and History

By HANS ZINSSER

"A racy book, a witty book, a profound book."—*Lewis Gannett in New York Herald Tribune.* 9th printing. An Atlantic Book. $2.75

Theatre of Life

By ESME HOWARD

(*Lord Howard of Penrith*)

"It is not easy to open this book at any page and leave the page unread."—*P. W. Wilson in New York Times Book Review.* Illustrated. An Atlantic Book. $3.50

REVOLUTION and FREEMASONRY

(1680-1800)

By BERNARD FAŸ

"... Exciting in its interest for the reader. M. Bernard Faÿ has dealt with his immense and difficult subject with lively attention, skill and knowledge."—*Paul Chauveau in Nouvelles Littefaires.* $3.00

Whiteoak Edition of the JALNA SERIES

Jalna, The Whiteoaks of Jalna, Finch's Fortune, The Master of Jalna, Young Renny (Jalna-1906.)

Each $2.50

5 Volume Set $12.50

Atlantic Books

TEMPEST OVER MEXICO

By ROSA E. KING

"Consistently true and significant... the key to the Mexican chaos."—*Clyde O. Hunter in The New Republic.* 3rd printing. An Atlantic Book. Illustrated. $3.00

The Virgin of Skalholt

By GUDMUNDUR KAMBAN

$2.50

"Deep feeling and rich learning lie behind this tapestried story of ... pride and pomp in Iceland three centuries ago."—*Mary Ross in N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* A classic tale told not only abundantly but richly."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Publishers LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Boston*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED